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THE
TEMPLE of GNIDUS.

By Baron MONTESQUIEU. *Tranſlated from the* French.

INTRODUCTION.

The Temple of Gnidus, *was very ſoon publiſhed after the* Perſian Letters; M. de Monteſquieu, *after having been* Horace, Theophraſtus *and* Lucian *in thoſe, was an* Ovid *and* Anacreon *in this new eſſay. 'Tis no more the deſpotic love of the eaſt which he propoſes to paint; 'tis the delicacy and ſimplicity of paſtoral love, ſuch as it is in an unexperienced heart which the commerce of the world has not yet corrupted. The author, fearing perhaps that a picture ſo oppoſite to our manners ſhould appear too languid and uniform, has endeavoured to animate it by the moſt agreeable images. He tranſports the reader into enchanted ſcenes, the view of which, to ſay the truth, little intereſts the lover in his happieſt moments, but the deſcription of which ſtill flatters the imagination, when the paſſions are gratified. Inſpired by his ſubject, he hath adorned his proſe with that animated, figurative, and poetic, ſtile, which the romance of* Telemachus *gave the firſt example of amongſt us.*

The Temple of Gnidus *being a ſort of poem in proſe, it belongs to our celebrated writers to determine the rank which it ought to hold: it is worthy of ſuch judges.*

We believe at leaſt the deſcriptions in this work may with ſucceſs ſtand one of the principal teſts of poetic deſcriptions, that of being repreſented on canvaſs. But what we ought chiefly to obſerve in the Temple of Gnidus, *is, that* Anacreon *himſelf is always the obſerver and the philoſopher there. In the fourth Canto the author appears to deſcribe the manners of the* Cebyrites, *and it may eaſily be perceived that theſe are our own manners.*

CANTO I.

VENUS chuſes to reſide at Gnidus, rather than at Paphos and Amathus, and never deſcends from Olympus without viſiting the Gnidians. So much has ſhe accuſtomed theſe happy people to her ſight, that they no longer feel that ſacred horror inſpired by the preſence of the Gods. Sometimes ſhe covers herſelf with a cloud, and is known by the divine odour that flows from her hair perfumed with ambroſia. The city is in the midſt of a country on which the Gods have laviſhed their favours with a liberal hand. The inhabitants enjoy an eternal ſpring; the earth, happily fertile, prevents all their wiſhes; their flocks feed without number; the birds inceſſantly ſing, ſo that you would think the woods were vocal; rivulets murmur in the plains; a gentle heat renders every thing blooming; and the air the people breathe inſpires only pleaſure. Near the city is the palace of Venus, the foundations of which were laid by Vulcan; who laboured for his faithleſs ſpouſe, while he ſtrove to make her forget the cruel affront he had given her before the Gods. It would be impoſſible for me to give an idea of the beauties of this palace; for none but the Graces can deſcribe what they have performed. Gold, azure, rubies, diamonds, ſhine on all ſides; but here I paint only riches, and not beauty. The gardens are enchanting; they are under the care of Flora and Pomona, and are cultivated by the nymphs. Fruits ſpring up under the hand that plucks them; and bloſſoms ſucceed the fruit. When Venus walks in them, ſurrounded by her Gnidians, you would think that in their wanton ſports they would deſtroy theſe delightful gardens; but by a ſecret virtue every thing is inſtantly repaired. Venus loves to ſee the ſprightly dances of the girls of Gnidus. Her nymphs mingle with them; the Goddeſs herſelf bears a part in their ſports; ſhe ſtrips herſelf of her majeſty, ſits in the midſt of them, and ſees joy and innocence reign in their hearts. At a diſtance is diſcovered a

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ſpacious meadow enameled with flowers. The ſhepherd comes to gather them with his ſhepherdeſs; but that which ſhe finds is always the moſt beautiful, and it is believed that this happens by the expreſs deſign of Flora. The Cephiſus waters this meadow, and runs through it with a thouſand turnings. The river God ſtops the fugitive ſhepherdeſſes, and will oblige them to give him the tender kiſs they had promiſed him. When the nymphs approach his banks, he ſtops, and the waves which fly find thoſe that are incapable of flying. But when one of them bathes, he is ſtill more amorous; his waters wind about her limbs; he ſometimes riſes, the better to give her his embraces; he lifts her up; he flies; he takes her with him. Her timid companions begin to weep: but he ſupports her upon his waves, and charmed with the precious burden, leads her over his liquid plain: at length loth to part with her, he conducts her ſlowly to the bank, and reſtores comfort to her companions. On the ſide of the meadow is a myrtle grove, where the paths make a variety of turnings. The lovers there come to recount their pains; and Love, who amuſes them, always conducts them through the moſt ſecret paths. Not far from thence is an ancient and ſacred wood, through which the light can with difficulty enter. Oaks, that ſeem immortal, bear up their heads to the heavens, which conceal them from our view. We there feel a religious fear; you would ſay that this was the abode of the Gods, ere man had ſprung from the earth. On coming to an opening where the day breaks in, the people aſcend a little hill, on which is the temple of Venus, than which the univerſe has nothing more ſacred. In this temple Venus firſt ſaw her Adonis, and the poiſon thrilled through the heart of the goddeſs. What! ſaid ſhe, do I then love a mortal? Alas! I find I adore him. Let them no more addreſs their vows to me; Adonis is the only deity at Gnidus. It was in this place that ſhe aſſembled the Loves, when piqued with a raſh diſtruſt, ſhe conſulted them. She was in doubt whether ſhe ſhould expoſe herſelf naked to the view of the Trojan ſhepherd. She concealed her girdle under her hair; her nymphs ſprinkled her with perfumes; ſhe mounted her chariot drawn by ſwans, and arrived in Phrygia. The ſhepherd heſitated between Juno and Pallas; he ſaw her, and his looks were fixed and dying: the golden apple fell at the feet of the Goddeſs; he attempted to ſpeak, and his diſorder decided the diſpute. It was to this temple that the young Pſyche came with her mother, when Cupid, who flew about the golden cieling, was himſelf ſurpriſed by one of her glances, and felt the pain he had made

others ſuffer. Thus do I wound, ſaid he, I can neither ſupport my bow nor my arrows. He then ſunk down on the breaſt of Pſyche, and cried, Oh! I now begin to feel that I am the God of Pleaſure. When the people enter the temple, they perceive their hearts poſſeſſed by a ſecret charm: the ſoul is filled with that raviſhing delight, which the Gods themſelves never feel, but when they are in their celeſtial abodes. Whatever is moſt ſmiling in nature is joined to every thing that art can invent as moſt noble, and moſt worthy of the Gods. A hand, which was doubtleſs immortal, has every where adorned the place with paintings that ſeem to breathe. We there ſee the birth of Venus; the rapture of the Gods who ſaw her; her embarraſſment at appearing naked, and that modeſty which is the firſt of the Graces. We there ſee the amours of Mars and that Goddeſs. The painter has repreſented the God of War in his chariot, in which he appears fierce, and even terrible: Fame flies before him; Fear and Death march, followed by his horſes covered with foam; he enters the throng, and a thick duſt begins to hide him from our view. In another place we ſee him laid languiſhingly on a bed of roſes, ſmiling on Venus; and you would not know him, were it not for ſome traces of the divinity which ſtill remain. The Pleaſures are employed in making wreaths and garlands, with which they bind the two lovers; their eyes melt in ſoftneſs; they ſigh, and only attentive to each other, are regardleſs of the little Cupids that play about them. There is a ſeparate apartment, where the painter has repreſented the marriage of Vulcan and Venus: all the celeſtial court are there aſſembled: the God appears leſs gloomy, but as penſive as uſual. The Goddeſs looks with an air of coldneſs on the common joy; ſhe negligently gives him a hand which ſhe ſeems unwilling to reſign: ſhe caſts another way, looks expreſſive of pain, and turns towards the Graces. In another picture we ſee Juno performing the marriage-ceremony. Venus takes the cup to ſwear an eternal fidelity to Vulcan: the Gods ſmile, and Vulcan hears her with pleaſure. On the other ſide we ſee the impatient God drawing along his divine ſpouſe, who makes ſuch reſiſtance, that one would imagine her to be the daughter of Ceres, whom Pluto is going to raviſh, if the eye that had ſeen Venus could ever be deceived. At ſome diſtance, we ſee her carried away towards the nuptial bed. The Gods follow in crowds; the Goddeſs diſputes, and endeavours to eſcape from the arms of thoſe who hold her. Her robe flies from her knees; the linen flutters: but Vulcan repairs this beautiful diſorder, and is more attentive to conceal than ardent to ſeize. In ſhort,

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we ſee her juſt laid on the bed prepared by Hymen; Vulcan draws the curtains, and thinks of keeping her there for ever. The importunate throng retire, and he rejoices at ſeeing them go. The Goddeſſes play together: but the Gods appear dejected; and Mars's melancholy has ſomething gloomy, like the pangs of jealouſy. Charmed with the magnificence of her temple, the Goddeſs herſelf has eſtabliſhed the worſhip performed there: ſhe has regulated its ceremonies, inſtituted feſtivals, and is at the ſame time the deity and the prieſteſs. The worſhip paid her, almoſt over the whole earth, is rather a profanation than a religion. She has temples, in which all the maids in other cities proſtitute themſelves to her honour, and acquire a portion from the profits of proſtitution. She has others, where every married woman goes once in her life to give up herſelf to him who has ſingled her out, and where ſhe throws into the ſanctuary the money ſhe has received. There are others again, where the courtezans of all countries, more honoured than the matrons, go to make their offerings. There is, in ſhort, another, where the men render themſelves eunuchs, and dreſs themſelves like women, in order to ſerve in the ſanctuary, conſecrating themſelves to the Goddeſs, and thoſe of her ſex. But ſhe reſolved, that the people of Gnidus ſhould have a purer worſhip, and render her honours more worthy her acceptance. Her ſacrifices there are ſighs, and her offerings a tender heart. Every lover addreſſes himſelf to his miſtreſs, and Venus receives them for her. Wherever beauty is found, they pay it the ſame adoration as to Venus; for beauty, like her, is divine With hearts inflamed with love they enter the temple, and embrace at the altars of Fidelity and Conſtancy. Thoſe who are treated with cruelty come there to vent their ſighs: they feel their torments diminiſh, and find their hearts filled with flattering hope. Jealouſy is a paſſion that may be felt, though it ought to be concealed. A man there adores in ſecret the caprices of his miſtreſs, as they adore the decrees of the Gods, which become more juſt when we preſume to utter our complaints. Among the divine favours are reckoned the fire, the tranſports of love, and even all its fury: for the leſs a perſon is maſter of his own heart, the more is he devoted to the Goddeſs. Thoſe who have not loſt their hearts are the profane, who are not admitted into her temple. They at a diſtance addreſs their vows to the Goddeſs, and beg to be delivered from that liberty, which is nothing more than the incapacity of forming deſires. The Goddeſs inſpires the girls with modeſty; and that virtue has ſuch charms as to ſet an additional value on all the treaſures they conceal. But never in theſe fortunate places do they bluſh

bluſh at a ſincere paſſion, an ingenuous ſentiment, a tender acknowledgment. The heart becomes fixed from the moment it has ſurrendered: but it is a profanation to ſurrender without love. Cupid is attentive to the felicity of the Gnidians; he chuſes the arrows with which he wounds them. When he ſees an afflicted lover, whoſe paſſion meets with an unkind return, he takes an arrow dipt in the water of forgetfulneſs. When he ſees two lovers who begin to feel the tender paſſion, he inceſſantly lets fly againſt them freſh arrows: and on ſeeing one whoſe love has declined, he makes it ſuddenly revive, or expire; for he ſhortens the duration of a languiſhing paſſion, and will not ſuffer them to feel diſguſt before they ceaſe to love. Thus enraptured by the ſweets of a greater felicity, they forget the leſs. Cupid took from his quiver the cruel arrows with which he wounded Phedra and Ariadne; they were mixed with love and hatred, and ſerved to ſhew his power, as thunder makes known the empire of Jupiter. In proportion as the God gives the pleaſure of loving, Venus adds the happineſs of pleaſing. The girls every day enter the ſanctuary to offer their prayers to Venus. They there expreſs the genuine ſentiments of their hearts. Queen of Amathus, ſaid one of them, my flame for Thyrſis is extinguiſhed; I do not entreat to have my love revived, but only that Ixiphiles may love me. Another ſoftly ſays, Powerful Goddeſs! give me the power to conceal for ſome time my love to my ſhepherd, in order to inhance the value of the confeſſion I intend to make to him. Goddeſs of Cythera! ſays another, I ſeek ſolitude; the ſports of my companions no longer pleaſe me: perhaps I love. But if I am indeed in love, let it be with none but Daphnis. At their feſtivals the young men and maids go to repeat hymns in honour of Venus: and often do they celebrate her praiſe in ſinging their own amours. A young Gnidian, taking his miſtreſs by the hand, ſung thus: Cupid, when firſt Pſyche appeared to thy view, thou doubtleſs woundedſt her with the ſame arrow as that with which thou haſt wounded my heart. Thy happineſs was not different from mine; for thou felteſt my flames, and I feel thy pleaſures. For my part, I have ſeen what I deſcribe. I have been at Gnidus: I have ſeen Themira, and I have loved: I ſaw her again, and I loved her ſtill more. With her I will ſpend my life at Gnidus, and I ſhall be the moſt happy of all mortals. We will viſit the temple; and never ſhall a more faithful lover enter its walls. We will go to the palace of Venus, and I will imagine it to be the palace of my Themira. I will walk to the meadow, and gather flowers, which I will place in her boſom. Perhaps

haps I may conduct her to the grove where ſo many paths meet, and when ſhe ſhall have ſtrayed——— But Cupid, by whom I am inſpired, forbids my revealing his myſteries.

CANTO II.

There is at Gnidus another ſacred grove inhabited by the nymphs, where the Goddeſs delivers her oracles. The earth ſends forth no hollow ſound under your feet; the hair is not raiſed erect upon the head; and there is no prieſteſs as at Delphos, where Apollo fills with convulſive agitations the trembling Pythia: but Venus herſelf lends an ear to the requeſts of mortals, without ſporting with their hopes, or fears. A coquette of the iſle of Crete came to Gnidus; ſhe was ſurrounded by all the young Gnidians; ſhe ſmiled at one, whiſpered to another, threw her arm upon a third, and called to two others to follow her. She was beautiful, and adorned with art, and the ſound of her voice was as deceitful as her eyes. O heavens! how were the faithful, the tender lovers, among the fair, alarmed! She preſented herſelf before the oracle with as much confidence as a Goddeſs: but ſuddenly we heard a voice proceed from the ſanctuary: Prefidious wretch! how dareſt thou carry thy artifices even into the places where I reign with candour and ſincerity? Severely ſhalt thou be puniſhed: I will take away thy charms, but leave thy heart as it is: thou ſhalt call about thee all the men thou ſeeſt; but they ſhall fly from thee as from a plaintive ghoſt, and thou ſhalt die rejected, and loaded with contempt. At length came a courtezan of Nocretis ſhining with the ſpoils of her lovers. Go, ſaid the Goddeſs, thou deceiveſt thyſelf in believing that thou haſt added to the glory of my empire. Thy beauty proclaims that thou haſt pleaſure to beſtow; but none does it give: thy heart is like iron, and though thou ſhouldeſt ſee my ſon himſelf, thou couldeſt not love him. Go, beſtow thy favours on the baſe men who demand them, and whom they fill with diſguſt: go, ſhew them charms which ſhall ſuddenly vaniſh, and be loſt for ever. Thou art only fit to render my power deſpiſed. Sometime after came a rich man, who collected tribute for the King of Lydia. Thou aſkeſt, ſaid the Goddeſs, one thing which I cannot perform, though I am the Goddeſs of Love. Thou aſkeſt for beauties, that thou mayeſt taſte the raptures of love; but thou loveſt them not becauſe thou haſt bought them: thy treaſures are not uſeleſs; they ſerve to fill thee with diſguſt againſt every thing charming in nature. A young man of Doris, named Ariſteus, at length preſented himſelf. He had ſeen at Gnidus the charming Camilla, and was fallen deſpe-

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rately in love with her. He perceived the excess of his passion, and came to ask Venus that he might love her still more. I know thine heart, said the Goddess; thou art sensible of the power of love I have found Camilla worthy of thee. I could have given her to the greatest King upon earth; but Kings have less merit than shepherds. I at last appeared with Themira; when the Goddess said: There is not in all my empire a mortal who knows how to submit himself to my power better than thee; but what wouldst thou have me do for thee? I cannot render thee more in love, nor Themira more charming. O great Goddess, said I, I have a thousand favours to ask: May Themira think only of me; may she see none but me; may she awake dreaming of me; may she fear to lose me when I am present; hope for me in my absence; and always charmed with seeing me, still regret every moment she passes without me.

CANTO III.

At Gnidus there are sacred games which are renewed every year, and there women come from all parts to dispute the prize of beauty; when shepherdesses are confounded with the daughters of Kings; for there beauty alone is the mark of empire. Venus herself presides over them; she decides without hesitation, and knows well the happy mortal she has most favoured. Helen several times gained the prize; she triumphed when she was stolen by Theseus; she triumphed when she was carried away by the son of Priam; in fine, she triumphed when the Gods restored her to Menelaus, after his hopes had been kept alive for ten years. That Prince therefore, in the opinion of Venus herself, found as much happiness in being her husband, as Theseus and Paris in being her lovers. There came thirty girls of Corinth, whose hair fell in large ringlets on their shoulders. There came ten from Salamis, who had not yet seen thirteen times the annual course of the sun. There came fifteen from the isle of Lesbos, who said to each other, I am quite charmed, I never saw any thing so beautiful as you; if Venus saw you with the same eyes as I do, she would crown you amidst all the beauties of the universe. There came fifty women of Miletus, who excelled in the whiteness of their complexion, and the regularity of their features; every thing shewed, or gave room to imagine, that their persons were lovely, and that the Gods, who had formed them, would have made nothing so beautiful as they, had they sought to obtain valuable perfections rather than external graces. An hundred women came from the island of Cyprus. We have passed our youth, said they, in the temple of

of Venus; to her we have conſecrated our virginity, and our modeſty itſelf. We do not bluſh at our charms; our manners, ſometimes bold, and always free, ought to give us the advantage over a modeſty that is continually creating freſh alarms. I ſaw the daughters of proud Sparta: their robes were open at the ſides from the girdle, in the moſt indecent manner; and yet they behaved like prudes, and maintained, that they would never violate the laws of modeſty, except for the love of their country. O ſea, famous for ſo many ſhipwrecks, thou preſerveſt the treaſures committed to thy care. Thou becameſt calm, when the ſhip Argo, laden with the golden fleece, ſailed on thy liquid plain, and fifty beauties departed from Colchis, and truſted themſelves on thy waves, thou didſt bow under 'em. I alſo ſaw Oriana, like a Goddeſs: all the beauties of Lydia ſurrounded their Queen. She had ſent before her an hundred girls, who had preſented to Venus an offering of two hundred talents. Candaules came himſelf, and was more diſtinguiſhed by his love than by the royal purple. He paſſed his days and nights in devouring with his looks the charms of Oriana: his eyes wandered over her beautiful form, and were never weary. I am happy, ſaid he; but alas! this is known only to Venus and myſelf: my felicity would be much heightened, did it but inſpire envy! Lovely queen, quit theſe vain ornaments; drop that troubleſome vail, and ſhew thyſelf to the univerſe: leave the prize of beauty, and demand altars raiſed to thine honour. Afterwards came twenty Babylonians, dreſſed in purple robes embroidered with gold: they imagined, that the richneſs of their apparel inhanced their value. Some carried, as a proof of their beauty, the riches it had enabled them to acquire. Then came an hundred Egyptian women whoſe eyes and whoſe hair were black: their huſbands were with them, and ſaid, The laws render us ſubject to you in honour of Iſis; but your beauty has a more powerful empire over us, than that of the laws: we obey you with the ſame pleaſure as we obey the Gods, and are the moſt happy ſlaves in the univerſe. Duty ſecures our fidelity to you, but only love can render you faithful to us. Be leſs ſenſible of the glory you acquire at Gnidus, than of the homage you may find in your own houſe from a tranquil huſband; who, while you are employed in affairs abroad, ought to wait in the family for the heart you bring him. There came women from that powerful city which ſends veſſels to the ends of the univerſe: their heads were loaden with ſuperfluous ornaments, and all the parts of the earth ſeemed to have contributed to form their dreſs. Ten beauties came from the place where the day begins

to dawn; they were the daughters of Aurora, and in order to ſee her, roſe daily before that Goddeſs. They complained of the Sun, that he made their mother diſappear; and they complained of their mother, that ſhe did not ſhew herſelf to them as ſhe did to other mortals. I ſaw under a tent a queen of India ſurrounded by her virgins, who already gave hopes of their having the charms of their mothers: ſhe was ſerved by eunuchs, whoſe eyes were fixed on the earth; for ſince their breathing the air of Gnidus, they had felt the gloom of melancholy redoubled. The women of Cadiz, which is at the extremity of the earth, likewiſe diſputed for the prize. There is no country upon earth where beauty does not receive homage, but nothing leſs than the higheſt homage can ſatisfy the ambition of the fair. The girls of Gnidus at length appeared: beautiful without ornament, they had graces inſtead of pearls and rubies. Nothing was ſeen on their heads but the preſents of Flora; which were there more worthy of the embraces of Zephyrus. Their robes had no other merit beſides that of exhibiting the fineneſs of their ſhape, and of being ſpun with their own fingers. Among all theſe beauties one could not ſee the young Camilla; who had ſaid, I will not diſpute the prize of beauty, it is ſufficient that my dear Ariſteus thinks me fair. Diana rendered theſe games celebrated by her preſence. She did not come to diſpute the prize; for the Goddeſſes do not compare themſelves to mortals. I ſaw her alone, and ſhe ſeemed as beautiful as Venus: I ſaw her with Venus, and ſhe was only Diana. There never was ſo great a concourſe: nations were ſeparated from nations; the eye wandered from country to country, from the ſetting of the ſun to the riſing of Aurora. It ſeemed as if Gnidus comprehended the whole univerſe. The Gods have divided beauty among the nations, as nature has divided it among the Goddeſſes. There we ſee the proud beauty of Pallas; here the grandeur and majeſty of Juno; further ſtill, the ſimplicity of Diana, the delicacy of Thetis, the charms of the Graces, and ſometimes the ſmile of Venus. It ſeemed as if each nation had a particular manner of expreſſing modeſty, and yet that every woman was reſolved to attract every eye. Some diſcovered the neck, and concealed the ſhoulders; others ſhewed their ſhoulders, and concealed their necks: thoſe who concealed the foot paid you with other charms; and here they bluſhed at what was there called decency. The Gods are ſo charmed with Themira, that they never look at her without ſmiling at their work. Of all the Goddeſſes, there is none but Venus who ſees her with pleaſure, and whom the Gods do not rally with having a little jealouſy. As we ob-

obſerve a roſe in the midſt of the flowers that ſpring in the graſs, Themira was diſtinguiſhed among ſo many beauties. They had not time to become her rivals; they were vanquiſhed before they feared her. She no ſooner appeared, than the eyes of Venus were fixed on her; and calling the Graces, Go, ſaid ſhe, and crown her, for of all the beauties I ſee, ſhe alone reſembles you.

To be concluded in our next.

The ſtrange Adventures of Corazim *the Merchant:*

Tranſlated from the Arabic.

CHAP. I.

WHILST I was at Bagdad, ſaid Corazim to his friend Alim, walking one very dark night with a ſtick in my hand, it fell againſt the gate of a garden, which was immediately opened, when a female voice, in a low tone, ſaid, Why do you knock ſo loud? Come in, but don't ſpeak a word; my miſtreſs expects you with impatience: here's ſuch a dreſs as mine, put it on, and I will throw a veil over you; and my fellow ſlaves, if they ſhould ſee you, will ſuppoſe you one of our number. I do not know how I came to be ſo infatuated; but my curioſity, tho' I knew I was not the party expected, prompted me to embark in this adventure. I therefore did as I was ordered, and ſuffered myſelf to be led through the garden into a dark apartment. Here the ſlaves left me, and in a few minutes a lady entered, and taking me in her arms, My dear Meſſor, cried ſhe, what have I not riſked to gratify the impatience of your love: but 'tis for my Meſſor, and I am content; only anſwer me not a word whilſt you ſtay, leſt your voice ſhould be heard. Tho' it was too dark to ſee her face, yet the ſweetneſs of her voice delighted me, and I returned her careſſes with an ardour perhaps equal to that ſhe expected from her Meſſor. I was very glad to ſubmit to the ſilence enjoined me, which ſhe again repeated, and then led me to another apartment, where we paſſed our time mutually pleaſed, except that the thought how this ſtrange adventure would end, gave me now and then ſome uneaſineſs. I ſuppoſe moſt of the night was paſſed when the door of our chamber was opened, and a female voice, not the ſame that I heard at the garden, ſaid, Zobeide, your father has dreamed that your apartments are on fire, and is coming to ſee if you are ſafe. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe retired. You may eaſily gueſs at my conſternation, and that I very

ſincerely repented of my folly. Zobeide bid me hide myſelf under the bed-clothes, and added, that ſhe hoped we ſhould ſtill eſcape a diſcovery. But the little hope ſhe gave me was deſtroyed in a moment, and my fear became greater; for her father came directly into the room, attended by a great number of female ſlaves, each carrying a light, ſo that I had ſcarce time to hide myſelf in the bed, when I heard theſe dreadful words, 'My dear daughter, 'cried Abdarim, I dreamt your 'apartments were on fire; and 'as you know I am ſo fatal a 'dreamer, that every thing I 'dream comes to paſs, I am de-'termined to ſet your apart-'ments on fire myſelf, hoping 'thereby to fulfil my dream with 'ſafety to you. We may ſoon 'extinguiſh the flames: if we 'do not, it will give me no 'concern; I am rich enough to 'build a nobler palace than this. 'Get up therefore, my dear 'child, and dreſs yourſelf, I 'leave your two ſlaves to help 'you.' Having thus ſaid, he left the room, and me trembling from head to foot. Zobeide, who perceived my condition, took me in her arms, kiſſed me, and thus addreſſed me. 'Fear 'not, my dear Meſſor, I ſhall 'ſtill find a means to ſave you. 'Theſe two ſlaves, who are now 'in the room, are both of 'them deaf and dumb; I can 'therefore ſpeak with freedom; 'but as they can talk by ſigns, 'we muſt be cautious that they 'ſee nothing. Get up on the 'other ſide of the bed and dreſs 'yourſelf, whilſt I get up on 'the ſide next to them, and 'leave the reſt to me.' She immediately turned her back to me to ariſe, which gave me ſome relief, for I was in fear ſhe would ſee my face as the room was very light. As ſoon as ſhe was dreſſed, ſuppoſing I was ſo too, ſhe made ſigns, as I imagined, to the two ſlaves to go out of the room, and then coming to me, opened a door. 'You are 'now, ſaid ſhe, in the garden; 'you know the way well e-'nough to the gate, of which 'here is the key: make what 'haſte you can, and be at the 'gate to-morrow night at the 'ſame hour you was laſt night, 'and Ada, who then let you in, 'ſhall meet you there, to let 'you know what may have hap-'pened by then.' She then gave me a kiſs, and going into her chamber, locked it again. I had eſcaped thus far, but the great difficulty was to find my way through a long garden entirely unknown to me, and in a very dark night. But whilſt I was moving very ſlowly, in no little perplexity, I had, of a ſudden, light enough to ſee my way; for, from the apartment I had but juſt left, burſt forth a blaze of fire, which enabled me to ſee my way to the gate, which I opened with a trembling hand. Notwithſtanding my hurry and confuſion, I had ſo much recollection as to lock the gate after me. I now hurried to my khan,

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or inn, with a joy I had never before experienced, and ſlept quietly the remainder of the night. I ſpent the next day in reflecting on what had happened, and in conſidering with myſelf whether I ſhould comply with the evening aſſignation. At laſt, encouraged by the ſucceſs of the paſt, and prompted by an extravagant curioſity, I attended punctually at the appointed time and place. I had ſcarcely been there five minutes before the garden gate opened, and Ada appeared. Huſh, ſaid ſhe, not a word! heaven has wonderfully favoured my miſtreſs and you, or you had been both diſcovered. You could not have got down the firſt walk before my old maſter returned, and ſet the bed on fire, and the whole wing was in a flame in an inſtant, but was ſoon extinguiſhed. But come, put on your dreſs and follow me. I did ſo, and was received, tho' in another part of the palace, in the dark. Well, my dear Meſſor, cried the inviſible Zobeide, we are once more met, and I hope we ſhall not be again interrupted by fire; however, be as ſilent as laſt night: I doubt not but you look on this as a ſevere penance, but prudence forbids your being gratified in every reſpect. We immediately retired to bed, but had not lain long ere Ada came to us: 'My 'dear miſtreſs, ſaid ſhe, I fear 'this night will be worſe than 'the laſt, my maſter has had 'another dream, that you have 'a man in bed with you, and 'is haſtening to come and ſee. 'Oh, what will become of you 'both!' I was, if poſſible, more alarmed than laſt night. But Zobeide, with a marvellous preſence of mind, ordered Ada to go immediately out of the room, and following her, locked the chamber-door. We ſhall gain a little time by this, ſaid ſhe; but riſe, Meſſor, and dreſs, and then put on the veil Ada gave you when you came in. Whilſt I was dreſſing, Zobeide ſaid, this apartment has no communication with the garden, as the other had, but I can let you out to a ſtair-caſe, which will lead you down to the front of the houſe, where you may eaſily climb over the gate into the ſtreet; and if my father, or any other, ſhould meet you, they will conclude you one of the many ſlaves of this houſe, and ſo you will paſs unexamined. But don't fail to be at the garden-gate to-morrow night again at the ſame time, and we ſhall yet be happy. As ſoon as I was ready, I went out at the door that led to the ſtair-caſe; and juſt as I did ſo, I heard Abdarim knocking at the other door. I crept down ſtairs with caution, not knowing one ſtep of my way, and at length came into a large court. It was a bright ſtar-light night, and I plainly ſaw the front iron-gate: I climbed up it with tolerable eaſe, though it was pretty high, and got ſafely down on the other ſide. I then pulled off my

my female dreſs and veil, put them under my arm, and once more reached my khan, fully reſolved not to hazard a third adventure. But having recruited my ſpirits with a good night's reſt, I determined to viſit the garden-door once more. I had not waited long there before it opened, when, inſtead of Ada, I was accoſted by Zeboide herſelf. 'My dear Meſſor, ſaid 'ſhe, as I find I cannot poſſibly 'receive you with ſafety, I am 'come to you loaded with jew-'els of great value; let us haſte 'to your houſe and ſettle the 'manner of our flight, but let 'us talk no more till we are 'houſed, leſt we ſhould be o-'verheard.' I was not a little confounded at this unexpected event, and as we paſſed on was at a loſs to think how this ſtrange affair would end. I had no where to carry her but to my khan, where we at laſt arrived. And now was the unravelment of the whole. As ſoon as we were got into my apartment, My dear Meſſor! cried ſhe, but at the ſame inſtant looking in my face, exclaimed, O heaven! who are you? I am betrayed. Pronouncing theſe words ſhe ſwooned. I caught her in my arms, and ſupported her till ſhe recovered; when, looking earneſtly at me, ſhe cried, what does all this mean? how came I in your power? who are you? I trembled whilſt I was ſtruck with her exquiſite beauty, which I had never beheld before. I kneeled, and with a faultring accent told her I was her moſt ſincere lover. Wretch, cried ſhe, I never ſaw you before. Baſe man, what ill fate brought you in my way! when I expected love and freedom in the arms of my lover, O, I am betrayed and ruined! Be calm, my dear Zeboide, cried I, you are ſafe, and with the man who loves, and will die to ſerve, you. Zeboide returned, how do you know me? We never met before. Yes, twice, replied I. Where and when, demanded the afflicted Zeboide. In your own apartment theſe two laſt nights. But finding I was not believed, I related all the circumſtances. Is it ſo, ſaid ſhe, and pauſed for ſome moments, when ſeeming to have recollected herſelf, ſhe ſpoke thus. ''Tis ſtrange, but 'ſince matters have gone thus 'far, we muſt manage as well 'as we can. Will you ſwear 'to do as I ſhall deſire?' I will, by our great prophet, anſwered I. 'Then, ſaid ſhe, we muſt 'leave this place directly: pro-'vide two aſſes, and I will di-'rect the rout.' I obeyed, we ſet out, and next morning found ourſelves at a conſiderable diſtance from Bagdad, in a pleaſant wood. Let us ſtop, ſaid ſhe, and reſt under theſe trees. We did ſo. I have now another requeſt before we proceed further. You know that I once loved a man called Meſſor: I will write a line to bid him an eternal adieu: Will you carry it, whilſt I wait here for your return. I promiſed a ready obe-

obedience. She wrote and cloſed her letter with a kind of ſoft bitumen, which exhaled from one of the trees, which the ſun ſoon hardened. She directed me where to find him. 'Make 'haſte, added ſhe, that I may 'not be benighted here.' I returned to Bagdad in a ſhort time, found Meſſor, and delivered the letter. He read and pauſed, and read and pauſed again, and then ſtampt with his foot, when ſix ſtout fellows entered the room. Seize that villain, cried he, and put him into the dungeon. All reſiſtance ſeemed in vain, and I was ſoon put into a dark priſon. Here I had nothing to do but to curſe my folly. I remained here, as I ſuppoſed, ſome hours, when my priſon door opened, and a man entered with a light. I no ſooner ſaw him but I knew him to be one whom I had formerly met on a journey, and had relieved from the diſtreſs in which he had been involved, by having been juſt before robbed. Sir, ſaid he, I remember your kindneſs to me, and have now an opportunity to return it: follow me, or you will be left here to ſtarve. Zobeide has facrificed you to her reſentment; but I know not why; you perhaps do; but 'tis not a time to talk, and I muſt accompany you in your flight, or I ſhall ſuffer for this breach of truſt; for to my care you were committed. We ſoon got out of the houſe, and I once more reached my khan, attended by my grateful deliverer. I here related to my kind deliverer an account of all that had paſſed between Zobeide and me till my arrival at the houſe of Meſſor. He in his turn informed me, that he was privy to the mutual loves of Meſſor and Zobeide, and that the treatment I had received was by order of Zobeide, who had not mentioned in her letter the real cauſe of her reſentment, but only that I was a bar to their mutual happineſs, and muſt therefore be immediately cut off. Meſſor accordingly deſigned to have kept you in the dungeon till you died, without affording you the leaſt means of ſubſiſtence. He added, the power of Meſſor is too great here for you and I to remain in this city with ſafety. Let us therefore immediately ſet out for Grand Cairo, the place of your nativity: we did ſo that very hour, and both happily reached that place without any accident.

The End of Chapter the Firſt.

An Account of the Murder of John Beddingfield.

JOHN Beddingfield was a farmer of Sternfield in the county of Suffolk. He was a young man, ſcarce 24 years old: when he was about 20, he married a young woman ſcarce 17. About Michael-

Michaelmas 1761, ſomewhat more than a year and a half ago, they hired two ſervants, Richard Ringe and Elizabeth Cleobold, a nurſe maid, they having then two children living, one of whom was not more than three months old: there alſo lived with them at that time Elizabeth Riches, William Maſterſon, a lad about 14, and John Nunn, a boy of 10 years old.

'Till this time the young couple had lived very happily together, but it happened, unfortunately, that Mrs. Beddingfield took a liking to Ringe, then about 19, and from that time ſhe behaved with leſs kindneſs to her huſband, and they were frequently diſpleaſed with each other, though they do not appear to have lived together upon what the world calls 'ill terms.'

But at whatever times Mrs. Beddingfield firſt conceived an inclination for Ringe, ſhe did not diſcover it till they had lived in the family ſix months, and from that time they ſeem to have taken little pains to conceal it from others; both the maid-ſervants had ſeen him kiſs her, had found her ſitting in his lap, knew that they were often alone together, and ſometimes in her chamber; ſuch, indeed, was Mrs. Beddingfield's unaccountable indiſcretion, that ſhe frequently ſet one of the maids to give notice of her maſter's coming when ſhe and Richard were alone in his abſence: ſhe alſo wrote letters to him, tho' in the ſame houſe, and ſent them by the maids. Their criminal intimacy, however, had not been carried to the laſt exceſs, if Ringe's dying declaration is to be believed; but Mrs. Beddingfield's mind being more and more alienated from her huſband, ſhe became impatient to get him out of the way, that the great obſtacle to her connection with Ringe might be removed. She at length went ſo far as to tell Ringe, that ſhe could not be eaſy till her huſband was dead, that ſhe might marry him. To this he ſaid he paid little regard for ſome time, but it being often repeated to him, he at laſt liſtened with too much attention, and it was agreed between them that Beddingfield ſhould be murdered.

After this reſolution had been taken, Mrs. Beddingfield was weak enough to throw out intimations that ſomebody in the houſe would die; that it would happen ſoon, and that ſhe thought it would be her huſband; and one day putting on her cap in her chamber, and Cleobold the nurſe maid coming in, ſhe deſired her to put in her ear-rings, ſaying, 'It would not be long 'before ſhe ſhould want black 'ones.' In the mean time Ringe was taking meaſures to accompliſh theſe predictions, but was under the ſame infatuation with his miſtreſs. As he was one night ſitting up for his maſter with Elizabeth Riches, his miſtreſs being gone to bed, he took the ſtrange reſolution of telling her,

her, that he had procured ſome poiſon to poiſon his maſter, and urged her to adminiſter it, by putting it into the rum and milk that he drank for breakfaſt. The girl refuſed; but he continued his ſolicitations, ſaying, 'He would be a friend to her as long as he lived, and that nobody would know it.' The girl honeſtly and ſenſibly replied, 'That if it was hidden in this world, it would not be hidden in the world to come;' and refuſed to concur in his horrid propoſal, ſo firmly and warmly, that he urged it no more. The girl however, not ſenſible of the guilt ſhe would incur by concealing a deſign to commit a murder from the perſon againſt whom it was formed, nor ſtruck with a ſenſe of the expediency of ſo doing, to prevent the murder from being actually committed, took no notice of what had paſſed.

Ringe, finding that he could not get Riches to adminiſter the poiſon, reſolved to take ſome opportunity of adminiſtering it himſelf. While he was watching for ſuch opportunity, it happened that his maſter, being ſlightly out of order, took a vomit; and the water, with which he was to work it off, being made too hot, Ringe was ſent to the pond to get ſome cold water to mix with it: into this water, as he was bringing it from the pond, he put ſome arſnic, which he had bought of an apothecary at Aldeburgh; and being mixed with the hot water, ſome of it was given to his maſter; but his maſter obſerving ſomewhat at the bottom of the cup, refuſed to drink it, though without the leaſt ſuſpicion that it was poiſon, and ſo for that time eſcaped the danger.

From this time the murderers ſeem to have given over all thoughts of executing their deſign by poiſon, and to have formed the project of ſtrangling Beddingfield in his bed.

The houſe ſeems to have had two rooms on the ground floor, beſides what was called a back-houſe; one of theſe rooms was a kitchen, the other a parlour, over theſe there were two chambers, the firſt from the landing-place was called the kitchen-chamber, being over the kitchen, and out of this was a door that went into the other chamber, which being over the parlour, was called the parlour-chamber, and could only be entered thro' this door. On the other ſide of the landing-place was a chamber called the back-houſe chamber, becauſe it was over the back-houſe; and joining to that, but divided from it by a partition of lath and plaiſter, was another chamber; which was alſo over the back-houſe, and to which ſome back-ſtairs led from below, it having no communication above ſtairs with the reſt of the houſe. Beddingfield and his wife uſually lay in the parlour-chamber: the kitchen-chamber ſeems to have been a ſpare room. Cleobold

and Riches, the two maids, lay in the back-houſe chamber, and Ringe and the two lads, Maſterſon and Nun, in the chamber joining to it, the lads in one bed, and Ringe in the other.

In order to give Ringe an opportunity of killing his maſter in the night, when ſhe ſhould think circumſtances moſt favoured his deſign, Mrs. Beddingfield found ſome pretence for lying alone in the kitchen chamber, and he lay in the parlour-chamber.

On the 27th of July laſt, Beddingfield had been buſy in the harveſt field, and had pitched a load of wheat; he had alſo ſold a beaſt to one Scarlet a butcher, whom he brought home with him early in the evening; with Scarlet he drank part of two bowls of punch, freely, but not to be fuddled. Mrs. Beddingfield left him over his liquor about ten o'clock, and went to bed in the kitchen-chamber; but as he had given ſome intimation that he would not lie alone that night, and as ſhe was, notwithſtanding, determin'd he ſhould not lie with her, ſhe ordered Cleobold to come to bed to her, which ſhe did; Riches, the other maid, was left to ſit up till her maſter went to bed. In about half an hour Scarlet went away, and Riches lighted her maſter up ſtairs: when he came into the kitchen-chamber, and perceived that Cleobold was in bed with his wife in that room, and as he could not go to bed to her there, as he intended, he deſired her to go to bed in the parlour-chamber with him; this ſhe refuſed, and he went into the parlour-chamber and got his cap; then he came back again, and endeavoured to perſuade his wife to come to him, which ſhe ſtill refuſing, they parted, and though with ſome diſcontent on his part, yet without anger, for they wiſhed one another a good night. When Beddingfield went into the parlour-chamber to bed, Riches retired to her own room, the back-houſe chamber. Ringe and the boys had been in bed an hour, and every thing was ſilent in a ſhort time.

But Ringe, though he had retired about ten o'clock, and pretended to go to bed, had taken off only his coat, waiſtcoat and ſhoes, and lay down with his breeches and ſtockings on.

He had obſerved that his maſter drank freely in the evening with Scarlet, and thinking he would go to bed fuddled, ſuppoſed he ſhould attack him with advantage, and therefore determined to make his attempt that night, as ſoon as he ſhould be fallen into his firſt ſleep.

Having this in his mind, he lay awake, watching to hear his maſter come to bed; he did accordingly hear him come up, and go into the chamber, and having waited half an hour after that, and finding the houſe in a profound ſilence, he concluded that he was fallen aſleep, and determined that he ſhould wake no more.

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He had given no intimation to his miſtreſs of his having determined to commit the murder that night, nor did he know but that as his maſter lay alone in the parlour-chamber, ſhe lay alone in the kitchen-chamber: however, he got out of bed, and without putting on his coat or waiſtcoat, he went into the kitchen-chamber where his miſtreſs lay, and finding the door into the parlour-chamber open, he went into that, and coming up to his maſter's bed-ſide found him aſleep. He ſtood, he ſaid, by the bedſide almoſt a quarter of an hour, doubting and irreſolute, before he could lay hold of him; but at laſt he threw himſelf upon him, catched hold of the forepart of his throat, and endeavouring to ſtrangle him: he ſtruggled very much, and, in ſtriving together, both fell off the bed, and in their fall broke down the curtain-rod: in the fall, alſo, Ringe loſt his hold, but immediately recovering it again in the ſame place, and graſping him hard, he ſoon killed him.

In the mean time the wife of this unhappy man was waked by the noiſe, and, in her firſt fright, waked Cleobold the maid, who was in bed with her, and who having been up all night before, was ſo faſt aſleep that the noiſe did not wake her; ſhe immediately heard a groaning, as if ſomebody was in an agony, and, being extremely frightened, begged her miſtreſs to get up; but her miſtreſs having by this time recollected the buſineſs that was doing, ſaid, 'they had better lie ſtill.' In about two minutes the noiſe ceaſed, and Ringe, coming into their room, and ſtanding on that ſide of the bed where his miſtreſs lay, he ſaid, 'I have done for him;' to which ſhe replied, 'then I am eaſy.' Cleobold, in her confuſion, ſtarted up in the bed, and thinking it was Beddingfield, called, 'Maſter!' Ringe, who imagined his miſtreſs had been in bed alone, cried out, 'hold your tongue;' and ſpeaking again to his miſtreſs, ſaid, 'Does any body know it but you two?' to which we anſwered, 'No.' Cleobold now knew it was Richard, and ſaid, 'How came you here?' His conſcience referred the queſtion to what he had been doing, and he anſwered, 'I was forced to it.' The women immediately began to get their cloaths on, while Ringe ſtaid in the room, and having ſome of them on, and the reſt in hands, Ringe, knowing that Cleobold was now privy to the murder, ſaid, he would go to his own chamber to be called up, and accordingly went down ſtairs. Soon after, Mrs. Beddingfield having conjured Cleobold not to diſcover, went with her into the back-houſe chamber to the other maid, Elizabeth Riches; and pretending to be very much frighted, ſaid, 'Betty, go and call up Richard,' meaning Ringe, 'ſomething is the matter with 'your maſter.' Riches, whoſe

chamber lay partly behind the kitchen-chamber and partly behind the parlour-chamber, one end of it coming againſt the partition which divided thoſe chambers from each other, had been alarmed already by the noiſe, which ſhe deſcribed to be like the crying of children; ſhe therefore roſe, and called Ringe haſtily: he had again ſlipped into bed with his breeches and ſtockings on, and when Riches called him, he pretended to be half ſurpriſed and half angry, and cried out, 'What the devil's the matter now!' but did not immediately riſe. Riches therefore went into his room, and called him again, begging him to get up, and come away. He then roſe, and it appears by the trial, that he got a tinder-box, and went into Riches's chamber and ſtruck a light. This is a ſtrange particular, for it looks as if this whole dreadful tranſaction paſſed in the dark. Cleobold being aſked, ſaid, there was no candle in the room where ſhe and her miſtreſs was in bed, when Ringe came in after he had committed the murder. It no where appears that Ringe had a light when he went into his maſter's room, nor is there any reaſon to ſuppoſe that a candle was left burning there, but the contrary, as Riches, who lighted him up, ſeems to have ſtaid till he went to bed, merely to take the candle away, that ſhe might go to bed by it herſelf. Neither does it at all appear where the children lay, or who lay with them, though as they were very young, they could not be left alone; nor, indeed, could thoſe who were with them be conveniently without a light: however, a light being ſtruck, and a candle lighted, Ringe was ordered by his miſtreſs to go into the parlour-chamber, for ſhe believed, ſhe ſaid, ſomething was the matter with his maſter. He accordingly went, leaving his miſtreſs with both the maids in the back-houſe chamber, and in a very few minutes returned, with much ſeeming ſurpriſe, and ſaid, his maſter was dead, his maſter was dead. Riches cried out, No, ſure! and immediately went to ſee; Ringe went with her, and ſhe found him lying with his face downward upon the floor, at the farther ſide of the bed, with his head towards the foot; his neck appeared black and ſwelled, two buttons were torn off the ſhirt-collar, and it was rent out of the gathers, the bed-curtain was down, and the rod bent. It is not clear whether Riches even now ſuſpected that her maſter was murdered; but remembering the affair of the poiſon, ſhe ſaid to Ringe, 'If I had ſaid to you what you have ſaid to me, I ſhould be afraid of ever going into this room alone, for I ſhould think my maſter would appear to me.'

Riches having ſeen the body, returned to her miſtreſs, and the other

other maid, who were ſtill in the back-houſe chamber, and they continued there until the morning dawned, the miſtreſs ſeeming uneaſy, and having lain down on the bed in her cloaths.

In the mean time, Ringe, having returned into his chamber, called up Maſterſon; 'for God's ſake, Will, ſays he, get up and come down, your maſter has fallen out of bed, and has killed himſelf.' The lad immediately roſe, and Ringe carried him alſo to ſee his maſter's body, which he found in the ſame ſituation in which it had been ſeen by Riches, except that the hand was placed under it on the throat. He aſſiſted Ringe to lift the body from the ground, and place it upon the bed, and then went to fetch his unhappy maſter's mother and ſiſter, who lived not far off, and who both came before it was broad day. They aſked if the Doctor had been ſent for; to which Mrs. Beddingfield replied, "What ſignifies ſending for the Doctor when he is dead?"

In the forenoon of that day he was laid out, and a ſheet thrown over him: the ſervants then ſaw him again, took notice that his face was black, and his throat and neck almoſt round.

The next day the coroner came; but his inqueſt ſeems to have been very negligently and ſuperficially taken. The jury brought in their verdict accidental death, and the body was buried.

The huſband being removed out of the way, and the murder concealed, the intimacy between Ringe and his miſtreſs now, and not till now, became criminal, and ſhe continued very fond of him for about a fortnight or three weeks; but then began to diſlike him, and afterwards ſeemed to hate him. Thus deceitful and tranſient was the pleaſure for which he had at the riſk of life, violated the moſt ſacred obligation, and contracted the moſt aggravated guilt.

In the mean time, Cleobold, who, though for the reaſons already mentioned, ſhe had not diſcovered what ſhe knew to the Coroner, was determined not to let it remain a ſecret. When the Judges came down to the aſſizes at Saxmundham, only ten days were wanting to complete the time ſhe had to ſtay in her place; ſhe therefore thought this a good opportunity to make it known, and accordingly diſcloſed it to her mother, who applied to proper perſons for taking the criminals into cuſtody. After ſhe had told her mother, ſhe told her fellow ſervant, Riches; and Riches then, for the firſt time, told her of the poiſon. Ringe and his miſtreſs ſoon heard the rumour, and queſtioned Cleobold about it. The girl readily confeſſed that ſhe told her mother and fellow ſervant all ſhe knew; upon

on which her miſtreſs, turning to Ringe, ſaid, 'Now, Richard, you are done for; you will certainly be hanged.' She then expoſtulated with the girl; did you not promiſe, ſaid ſhe, not to diſcover? Yes, ſaid the girl, but I could not be eaſy till I had diſcovered: and ſo, replied her miſtreſs, to make yourſelf eaſy, you will ruin two for ever. Ringe then attempted to tamper with the girl, and would have had her gone to Saxmundham and ſwear to a paper of his dictating; but ſhe refuſed: and his miſtreſs foreſeeing what would happen, abſconded the ſame day, which was on Thurſday; but on the Saturday following was taken up with Ringe, who does not appear to have taken any precautions for his ſafety.

Their trial came on the 21ſt of laſt March, when they were both capitally convicted, on proper evidence being given of the facts already related. Both inſiſted upon their innocence, till a few days before their execution, when Ringe made a full confeſſion, which is included in this narrative. He ſaid, he did not at any time after he had committed the murder believe he ſhould eſcape: he acknowledged that he ought to die, and declared that he and his miſtreſs only were guilty. He talked with much compoſure concerning the manner of his death, yet was greatly ſhocked at the thoughts of being diſſected.

Beddingfield ſtill perſiſted in declaring herſelf innocent: but being told that Ringe had made a full confeſſion, ſhe ſtrongly expreſſed her reſentment againſt him for it, and at laſt owned that ſhe was guilty, and deſerved to die for having been privy to the murder of her huſband, and having held correſpondence with Ringe for that purpoſe for three months before.

They were both executed at Ruſhmere, near Ipſwich, on Friday the 8th of April, 1763.

To the AUTHORS.

Of ARREST *and* IMPRISONMENT.

INſtead of ARRESTS, the ancient Greeks and Romans uſed, to cite or ſummon, as it is now practiſed among the Turks, and was originally in England; *Summonitus fuit ad reſpondendum*, is the ſtile of our Common Pleas Declarations. Therefore formerly there was no Capias but only in actions *quare vi et armis*; where, after the judgment, then a Capias *pro fine* for the King againſt the criminal. The practice of arreſt and execution is grounded on the 25th Edw. III. But that ſummons is as effectu-

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al as arreſt, appears from the force of *ſubpœnas* out of Chancery; which being left at the houſe, and affidavit made of the ſervice, the defendant is compelled to come into court and anſwer the plaintiff. It is a ſad reflection, that about the city and ſuburbs of London, there are above 700 bailiffs, moſt of whom have one, two or three followers, who all live upon the miſeries of the unfortunate. Whereas, if arreſts were changed into ſummons, with 5 or 10s. ſtamps, it could hardly fail of bringing in a conſtant revenue of 50 or 60,000 l. a year, perhaps double the money.

IMPRISONMENT is by ſome thought againſt all the rules and maxims of public and private policy and intereſt.——Hereby the public is deprived of many of its uſeful members, who are ſometimes made the engines of ſubverting a government, as appears from the account of David's followers in holy writ, and thoſe of Cataline and Spartacus in profane hiſtory, and that great mutiny of the Roman people which occaſioned the election of tribunes.

By the law of Moſes, the debtor was only obliged to become the ſervant of the creditor, who was to take his wages for his debt; but with theſe proviſoes, that the debtor ſhould not ſerve as a bond-ſlave, that the creditor ſhould not rule over him with rigour, and that he ſhould be releaſed after ſix years ſervice, and ſent away with a liberal reward. In the pandect, (a collection of the choiceſt inſtitutions both of Greeks and Romans) it is a maxim, that not all that debtors have ſhould be violently extorted from them. In Holland, none is obliged to pay further than his eſtate will run, and with ſome regard to his wife and family. In Flanders, to an inſolvent debtor, on his petition, the parliament allows protection for three, four, or five years, for him to pay his debts. In Spain and Italy no man is impriſoned for debt above a year and a day; in which time the creditors may ſell his eſtate, reſerving the wife's dower, divide the reſt, and the debtor is freed from thoſe debts for ever. As for gentlemen, and perſons of quality, their bodies are not to be touched, only the eſtate is liable; yet with a reſervation of ſuch things as honour, honeſty, or humainty ſhall challenge; therefore the perſon, arms, or apparel, bed and chamber of a ſoldier are not ſeizable. In Germany they ſet a ſevere brand on a bankrupt's reputation, by compelling him to ride backwards upon an aſs, with the tail in his hand, quite thro' the town where he dwelt. In Turky, it is a rule of the alcoran, If thy debtor cannot pay thee, ſtay till he can, and give him alms.

Where the cuſtom of arreſt prevails, 'tis generally qualified with ſome compaſſionate reſtrictions;

During the debtor's confinement, the creditor is obliged to allow him, in Holland , in France , in Britain 2*s.* 4*d.* a week. By the civil law, he that gives up his eſtate is free from his debt. And by our acts of bankruptcy, he that gets his living by trade, may, on the ſurrender of all, procure his liberty, with an allowance of 5 *per cent.* on certain conditions. But gentlemen, who may be of equal importance to the government, are not entitled to the ſame clemency.

To the AUTHORS.

IT is a determined caſe *, that writing the moſt ſcandalous paper that can be conceived, and ſending it to the party abuſed, is no libel, nor is it actionable; but if communicated to a third perſon, it would be both. The reaſon is obvious; a perſon might as well be puniſhed for thinking without ſpeaking, as for writing without publication. From whence it is inferred, that the papers in a man's own cuſtody cannot be libels; and that no law can juſtify taking, or ſeizing, any part of property that is not in itſelf criminal: ſo that a ſubject ought to be left in the quiet poſſeſſion of his libels, even ſuppoſing them to be ſuch, as any other part of his property. If there is a law that will juſtify taking innocent papers, becauſe if publiſhed they would be criminal; that law, wherever found, will juſtify cutting out a politician's tongue, becauſe, if left in, he may ſpeak treaſon. There is no limitation to ſtate power, if ſuffered to exceed the bounds of law or juſtice in the ſmalleſt inſtance. If to ſeize innocent papers, why not deeds? If deeds, why not the eſtate? If the property, why not the perſon? If the perſon, then life will become worthleſs. For there is no true Engliſhman breathing, when he has loſt liberty and property, but will think death a favour.

* *See* 2 Brownlow 157, *and* 1 Lev. 139.

Method of preventing the Fly in Turneps.

STEEP the turnep-ſeed in chamber-lie ſix hours; then drain the liquor off, and put as much flour of brimſtone, or *ſulphur vivum* as will make the ſeed ſo dry as to make them ſeparate; then ſow them in the uſual manner.

Of

Of Conſtancy in Love: A True Hiſtory.

AT the reſtoration there lived in London a merchant of great wealth, integrity and capacity, whom we ſhall call Probus. He was very indulgent to Verus, a young gentleman under his direction; gave him a good education, and as he grew up inſtructed him in every branch of traffic. Probus had an only daughter, on whom he doted, not without reaſon, for ſhe ſeemed to deſerve all that the kindneſs of providence deſigned for her. His wife died while Æmilia was in the cradle. Verus was about two years older, and from ſix years of age had been bred up with her. Their childiſh intimacy in time improved into love, which they cemented by all the forms that an amorous heart can invent.

Æmilia had an aunt immenſely rich, who deſigned her for an only ſon. She imparted her intentions to Probus, who determined by the future proſpect of grandeur to break thro' all. He ſent Æmilia to her aunt's country-ſeat; and as a guardian, commanded Verus to think of a voyage to the Eaſt Indies.

Æmilia, who ſuffered from the odious ſolicitations of her aunt's ſon, a diſagreeable booby, by letter repreſented her paſſion for Verus in ſuch moving terms to her father, that he recalled her to town.

Verus, who had been ſent to a very rich uncle of his in the Eaſt Indies, endeared himſelf ſo much to the old gentleman, that on his deathbed he bequeathed him all his wealth, amounting to 40,000*l.* which he turned into money and ſailed for London.

During the interval, Probus had laid out a large part of his wealth in houſes, which were ſoon after, with all his merchandiſe, reduced to aſhes by the great fire in 1666.

This reduced him to the neceſſity of keeping a coffee houſe for his bread.

Verus arrived from the Indies, and ſtrolling through the city, by chance put into a coffee-houſe (then a new trade in London) and was ſerved with a diſh of coffee by a young woman, plain, but neatly dreſſed, who appeared to be his Æmilia. On ſight of him, ſhe fell into a ſwoon. Verus took her up; they gazed at each other: Probus wept, and all were ſilent. At laſt our traveller ſpoke thus, Æmilia is ſtill the ſame to me; ſhe is as fair, as charming; and while providence leaves it in my power, as great a fortune as ever. Do not (turning to Probus) afflict yourſelf, Sir, am not I indebted to you for your care of my education? and even for all I have? Can you believe me ungrateful? No

Sir, I have many obligations that bind me to you, permit me then to encreaſe them, by becoming your ſon. Probus conſented, and, ſtrange as it is, when Æmilia arrived at threeſcore, ſhe was as dear to Verus as the hour ſhe became his wife.

Surpriſing Diſcovery of a Murder committed in Cripplegate *Pariſh*, Dec. 16. 1695, *related by Mr.* Smithies, *Curate of that Pariſh, and atteſted by Dr.* Fowler, *then Biſhop of* Glouceſter.

THREE men came to Mr. Stockden's houſe in the evening, and called for drink, and ſtaid late, tho' Mr. Stockden deſired them to be gone. As he ſat in his chair, one of them cried, Come, and immediately ſeized him, and Mary Footman, his kinſwoman and houſe-keeper, bound her, and thruſt a handkerchief into her mouth; two of them ſtrangled Mr. Stockden with a linnen cloth, ſtruck him with the lock of a piſtol on the forehead and killed him. They then took what money and plate they could find.

Soon after Mr. Stockden appeared to Mrs. Greenwood, a neighbour, (in a dream) and ſhewed her a houſe in Thames-ſtreet, where Maynard, one of the murderers, was. The next morning ſhe went and inquired for him, and was informed he was juſt gone out. Mr. Stockden appeared again, deſcribed him, and told her a wire-drawer muſt take him. One of that trade, and his intimate, was accordingly found, who, for a reward of 10*l.* was prevailed upon to undertake it: upon which he was taken and carried to Newgate, confeſſed the fact, and impeached three others, Marſh, Bevil, and Mercer. Marſh, tho' not preſent at the murder, was the ſetter-on, and had a ſhare of the booty, and hearing of the information againſt him, ran away.

Mr. Stockden appeared again to Mrs. Greenwood, and led her to a houſe in Old-ſtreet, ſhewed her a pair of ſtairs, and told her one of them lodged there. Thither the next morning ſhe went, heard of him, and, by purſuing from place to place, Marſh was taken.

Bevil was diſcovered in like-manner by Mrs. Greenwood's dreaming that Mr. Stockden had her over the bridge, up the borough into a yard. Thereupon ſhe went the next day to the Marſhalſea, where ſhe found him, being brought thither for coining. He was removed to Newgate, and confeſſed the fact.

Mercer

Mercer did not conſent to the murder of Mr. Stockden, and preſerved the life of Mrs. Footman, nor did Mrs. Greenwood dream any thing concerning him: he became evidence and eſcaped: the other three were executed. After this Mr. Stockden came to her, and ſaid, Elizabeth, I thank thee, the God of heaven reward thee for what thou haſt done. After which ſhe repoſed at quiet.

Entertaining Anecdotes.

A Native of Amſterdam, tolerably rich, and a great glutton, took it into his head that he was only to live a certain number of years, and no longer. In this whimſey he counted, that if he ſpent ſo much a year, his eſtate and life would expire together. It happened by chance that he was not deceived in either of theſe computations. He died preciſely at the time he had preſcribed to himſelf in his imagination, and had then brought his fortune to ſuch a paſs, that he had nothing left but a pair of ſlippers after paying his debts. His relations buried him creditably, and would have his ſlippers engraved on his tomb with the following laconic epitaph, in Flemiſh, to expreſs the exactneſs of the whimſical calculation of this Epicurean hog, or modern Apicius:

Effen Uyt, that is, *Exactly*.

This monument, of whitiſh marble, is in the ſouth choir of the new church at Amſterdam.

Sir Thomas Fairfax uſed to tell this merry tale of a poor ſoldier in Ireland: having got his paſſport for England, as he paſt through a wood with his knapſack upon his back, being weary, he ſat down under a tree, where he opened his knapſack, and fell to eating, but was on a ſudden ſurpriſed with two, or three, wolves advancing towards him, he threw them bread and cheeſe till all was gone: then the wolves making a nearer approach, he knew not what ſhift to make; but at laſt taking up his bagpipes, and playing on them, the wolves immediately ran away. 'Pox take you all, 'cried the ſoldier, if I had known 'you had loved muſic ſo well, 'you ſhould have had it before 'dinner.'

A certain foreign curate having taken theſe words for his text, "Luke the beloved phy-"ſician ſalutes you," ſtopt ſhort, not being able to recollect the introduction to his ſermon. Upon this, one of his pariſhioners, imagining that the curate only

waited for an anſwer to the compliment, cried out, 'Well, 'Sir, we are obliged to the 'good doctor, pray make our 'compliments to him when you 'ſee him.'

Whether the Men of this preſent Age are any way inferior to thoſe of former Ages, either in reſpect of Virtue, Learning, or long Life.

THAT the world doth daily decline, is an opinion ſo univerſally believed, whoever goes about to defend the contrary, preſently ſhall be thought to maintain a paradox. But that thing called Univerſality, is ſo ſlight an evidence of truth, that even truth itſelf is aſhamed of it: for what is univerſality, but a quainter word to ſignify the multitude. Now, human authority at the ſtrongeſt is but weak, but the multitude is the weakeſt part of human authority; it is the great patron of error, the moſt eaſily abuſed, and the moſt hardly diſabuſed. The beginning of error may be, and generally is, from private perſons, but the maintainer and continuer of error is the multitude. To infer the truth of a religion from the number of its profeſſors, is falſely to conclude the fineneſs of the cloth from the largeneſs of the meaſure. How vain and ridiculous then is it in the papiſts, who think this argument of univerſality ſo invincible a proof of the truth of their religion. If Multitude be an argument that men are in the right, in vain then hath the ſcripture ſaid, "Thou ſhalt not follow a "multitude to do evil." For, if this argument ſignify any thing, the greater number can never be in the wrong. Indeed, could wiſhing do any good, I could wiſh well to this kind of proof; *ſed nunquam ita bene erit rebus humanis, ut plures ſint meliores*; 'It will never go ſo well with mankind, that the moſt ſhall be the beſt. In ſhort, the beſt that can be ſaid of argument and reaſon drawn from univerſality and multitude is this, ſuch reaſon may perhaps ſerve well to excuſe an error, but it can never ſerve to warrant a truth. Notwithſtanding therefore, that the opinion of the world's conſtant declining is ſo firmly radicated in the minds of moſt men, yet this is no ſufficient reaſon why we ſhould acquieſce in ſuch a belief; nor can any thing be more unphiloſophical than an implicite faith in this matter: and therefore we ſhall now preſume to enter upon the ſubject.

There are two extremes common amongſt men; the one proper to young men, who always value themſelves above their predeceſſors, and, like Rehoboam, think their own little finger ſtronger than the whole body

body of their fathers; the other peculiar to old men, who always extol the time paſt above the preſent. 'To ſpeak impartially, old men (ſays Dr. Brown) from whom we ſhould expect the greateſt example of wiſdom, do moſt exceed in this point of folly; commending the days of their youth, which they ſcarce remember, at leaſt well underſtood not, extolling thoſe times which in their younger years they heard their fathers condemn, and condemning thoſe times which the gray heads of their poſterity ſhall commend.' And that old men always were of this temper, we may underſtand from Horace, who makes the ſame complaint of them. Now, the reaſon why old men are ſo much out of humour with the preſent times I take to be this; they being for the moſt part much altered from what they were in their youth, as to their temper and complexion, and being full of ſad melancholy thoughts, this makes 'em think the world is changed, whereas in truth the change is in themſelves. It fares with them in this caſe as with thoſe whoſe mouth is out of taſte, or whoſe eyes are bloodſhot, or are troubled with the jaundice, the one imagining all things bitter, or ſour, which they taſte, and the other red, or yellow, which they ſee.

Terræq; urbeſque recedunt.

VIRG. Æn. 3.

Themſelves being launched out into the deep, the trees and houſes ſeem to go backward, whereas really the motion is in themſelves, the houſes and trees ſtill ſtanding where they were. Seneca tells us a pleaſant ſtory of Harpaſte his wife's fool, who being all of a ſudden ſtruck blind, would by no means be perſuaded of her own blindneſs, but ſtill cried out how dark the room was grown. Such for the moſt part is the caſe of old men, who, by reaſon of the infirmities of their bodies and minds, no longer finding the ſame guſt and pleaſure in the delights of the world, that they found in their youth, lay the fault upon the world, inſtead of imputing the ſame to themſelves, as they ought to do. For God creates not ſouls now with leſs advantage than formerly: He is as liberal of his favours to us of this generation, as ever he was to any before us: and nature being ſtill as wiſe and powerful as heretofore, and the univerſal cauſes the ſame, their operations muſt be likewiſe as perfect, and their effects as excellent in theſe days as they have been in any. Let not men therefore deceive themſelves, and think that we live in the dregs of time, and what mighty advantages the ancients (as they call them) had over us; for if antiquity be to have the preference, the advantage will then be of our ſide: for antiquity conſiſts in the old age of the world, not in the youth of it. 'Tis we are the fathers,

fathers, and of more authority than former ages, becauſe we have the advantage of more time than they had: and truth (we ſay) is the daughter of time. And beſides, our minds are ſo far from being impaired, that they improve more and more in acuteneſs; and being of the ſame nature with thoſe of the ancients, have ſuch an advantage beyond them, as a pigmy hath upon the ſhoulders of a giant; from whence he beholds not only as much, but more than his ſupporter doth. But ſince the queſtion now to be handled, is rather of fact than of right, the beſt way of diſcuſſing it will be by comparing the paſt ages with the preſent, and that in theſe three reſpects, of Virtue, Learning, and Long Life.

Firſt then, if we ſurvey the vices of former times, they will certainly appear more barbarous and epidemical, than ſuch as now reign in the world. Even to this day do we not eſteem it an unparalleled piece of wickedneſs, that no ſtranger could enter Sodom without being defiled by the luſt of the more than brutiſh citizens? a crime ſo foul that nothing but fire and brimſtone could purge the ſtench of it from the world. After this, among the Egyptians was that of the ſtrawleſs tax. The Grecians under their wiſeſt lawgivers, approved of theft, if it were committed with art and cunning; and drunkenneſs was ſo uſual a vice among them, that from thence *pergræcari* ſignifies to be mad with drink. The Romans had two rules of drinking, which they commonly obſerved, the one was, to drink down the evening ſtar, and drink up the morning ſtar; *ad diurnam ſtellam matutinam potantes*, ſaith Plautus. The other commonly practiſed among them was, the drinking ſo many healths as there were letters in their miſtreſs's name, according to that of Martial:

Nævia ſex Cyathis, ſeptem Juſtina bibatur,
Quinque Lycas, Lyde quatuor, Ida tribus.

Nor were their very women free from this exceſs: nay, Seneca aſſures us, that even in drinking they ſometimes out-did the men. But to proceed: Have we any ſo vain as Xerxes, that would think to whip the ſea into calmneſs? or ſo prodigal as was Alexander, who, according to Plutarch, ſpent twelve millions of talents upon Hephæſtion's funeral? Such a prodigious ſum, that many queſtion whether at that time the revenue of the whole world would amount to it: or, What prince in theſe days is ſo profuſely extravagant as Heliogabalus the emperor, who was poſſeſſed rather with a madneſs than exceſs of prodigality; he filled his fiſh-ponds with roſe-water; he ſupplied his lamps with the precious balſam that diſtils from the trees in Arabia; he wore upon

upon his ſhoes pearls and precious ſtones engraven by the hands of the moſt ſkilful artiſts; his dining-room was ſtrewed with ſaffron, and his porticoes with the duſt of gold; and he was never known to put on any garment a ſecond time, whether it was of the richeſt ſilk, or woven with gold. Then as for the cruelty of former ages, we ſhall find it many degrees to tranſcend any thing that is done in theſe days. Even amongſt the Jews, who by their religion pretended to more preciſeneſs, what more common amongſt them than inceſt, fratricide, parricide, ſawing men to death, and the moſt barbarous ſorts of cruelties, oftentimes committed only for the diverſion and entertainment of princes? What action did ever carry in it ſo much of inhumanity as that of the thirty Athenian tyrants, who cauſed the daughters of ſome of the ſlain citizens to dance in the blood of their own parents, who had newly been murdered by them? Lucius Florus tells us, that the German women, in their wars with the Romans, would very commonly take their naked ſprawling infants and throw them in the face of thoſe they fought with, thinking that ſo inhuman a ſpectacle might daunt the Roman courage. Was there ever ſince then any thing like the ten perſecutions? What but Nero's luxury could compare with Nero's cruelty? and yet Domitian in one particular outwent him, for he took delight in ſeeing thoſe torments executed which Nero but commanded. What ſhall I now ſay of Servius Galba, who, when he was in Spain, having aſſembled together the inhabitants of three cities to conſult, as he pretended, about their common ſafety, at one ſtroke cut off ſeven thouſand of them, among whom were the very flower of their youth? I might alſo tell you of Licinius Lucullus, who, contrary to expreſs articles, put to the ſword twenty thouſand of the Caucæi after they had ſurrendered; and of Octavianus Auguſtus, who, after the taking of Peruſia, at one ſacrifice offered up the lives of three hundred of the principal citizens at the altar of his uncle Julius; and of Antoninus Caracalla, who being incenſed againſt the citizens of Alexandria upon account of ſome jeſts they had made of him, entered into the city in a peaceable manner, and ſummoning before him all the youth, he ſurrounded them with his ſoldiers, who, upon the ſignal given, fell immediately upon them, and ſlew every mother's ſon of them; and afterwards uſing the like cruelty upon the reſt of the inhabitants, he utterly deſtroyed that moſt ſpacious and populous city of Alexandria. Thus could I eaſily give many more inſtances, to ſhew the wickedneſs of former ages, not only in reſpect of their barbarous cruelties, but of their other vices; but I forbear this, ſince I very

I very well know, that the character of thoſe times cannot be better deſcribed than is already by the apoſtles in their ſeveral epiſtles: For what a monſtrous catalogue of ſins do we meet with in the firſt chapter to the Romans; ſins of ſo deep a dye, and of ſo horrid a nature, and ſuch an inventory of all ſorts of wickedneſs, that one might very well imagine the apoſtle had rather been deſcribing ſome viſion of hell than the ſeat of the Roman empire. To conclude then this point, let us not imagine that ever any age was, or will be, free from vice and enormities; while human nature continues there will be frailties: *Vitia erunt donec homines erunt*, ſaith Tacitus; Vice hath always had a being in the world, and will continue as long as men are upon earth. How unreaſonable is it to think that man can be better out of paradiſe than he was in it? *Nemo ſine crimine*, the beſt of men have their imperfections. We are no angels upon earth, but are always tranſported with ſome infirmity or other; and it will be ſo while theſe frail fluxible humours reign within us. This, as I conceive, is that black bean which the Turkiſh Alcoran ſpeaks of, when they feign, that Mahomet being aſleep among the mountains of the moon, two angels deſcended, and ripping open his breaſt, they took his heart and waſhed it in ſnow, and afterwards pulled out a black bean, which was the portion of the devil, and ſo replaced the heart. All things here below run in a kind of circle; and as in arts and ſciences, ſo likewiſe in the manners of men there is a viciſſitude and revolution. Virtue and vice have no ſettled habitation; every climate hath had its turn. Sometimes one country carries it for virtue and learning, and ſometimes another. Athens, which was formerly the only place for learning and civility, is now quite over-run with barbariſm and ignorance. Every nation hath its Achme, or higheſt pitch of elevation; and when once the ſpoke of the wheel is uppermoſt, it ſoon hurries to the bottom. As a kingdom riſes in empire, ſo it enlarges both in virtue and vice; and when it declines, ſo the declenſion of theſe is proportionable. And though as to particular kingdoms, one time may be either better or worſe than another; yet, take the world in groſs, and lump it together, we ſhall find that human nature is much at the ſame ſtandard as it was formerly; and as we commonly obſerve of the ſea, that as it gets in one place, it loſes in another; ſo every age may make the ſame obſervation of the virtnes and vices of mankind.

A

[*To be continued.*]

A Curious and Entertaining Diſſertation on Cock-Throwing.

BAttering with miſſive weapons a cock tied to a ſtake, is an annual diverſion that time immemorial has prevailed in this iſland. As this cuſtom is peculiar to our nation, and ſo generally practiſed amongſt us, an inquiry into the original meaning of it will be acceptable to the curious. Without doubt ſomething was at firſt deſigned by it. We now retain the thing, the reaſon of which is quite forgot and loſt. For want of better light and evidence to direct us, we muſt now be ſatisfied with ſuch conjectures as ſeem with the greateſt probability to account for it.

A learned antiquary * of our nation deſcribes a ſtrange cuſtom in uſe (as he ſuppoſes) among the ancient inhabitants of this iſland: 'They made a ſtatue, or image, of a manin a vaſt proportion, whoſe limbs conſiſted of twigs weaved together in nature of baſket-ware; theſe they filled with live men, and after that ſet it on fire, and ſo deſtroyed the poor creatures in the ſmoke and flame.—The ceremony obſerved in ſacrificing men to their idols in a wicker image, as it was ſtrange, ſo, without any queſtion to be made, it was not begun by chance, but upon ſome great occaſion; and ſomething extraordinary may be ſought for in the magnitude of the ſtatue itſelf, whence it proceeded. There is nothing that doth ſo eaſily occur to our firſt apprehenſion, as that they might do it in remembrance of the Phœnicians, who were men of vaſt exceeding ſtature, who for a long time had ſubdued and kept them under, and without doubt were thoſe giants that ſo long infeſted the land: wherefore in public deteſtation of that ſlavery they once endured under them, this vaſt figure of a man, made up in wicker and oſier work, might be introduced as in ſcorn and deriſion of them, having now loſt their power over them, altho' the cauſe why they were firſt made (as it often falls out) might be forgotten, and the repreſentation only remain.' Thus far our author.

It is great pity the cuſtom I am treating of did not occur to the fertil fancy of this learned writer: he would naturally enough have referred it to the Britiſh harmleſs revenge upon the Phœnicians, and have work'd it up into as ſtrong a demonſtration as any he has produced for that diſtant people's ſettlements and arbitrary government in this iſland.

Though the conceit relating to the Phœnicians burnt by proxy in the wicker image, be only a chimera, without any

* *Britannia illuſtrata*, p. 105.

eal ground or foundation; yet he author is thu far in the right, that it has been a common cuſtom in all ages to repreſent in effigy the perſons we have any hatred to, or contempt of, and to uſe repreſentations with ridicule or rage, as we would the perſons themſelves repreſented, if we had them in our power. Hanging or burning the effigies of maleſactors who are out of the reach of juſtice, is a cuſtom at this time in uſe in ſeveral parts of Europe: and his holineſs of Rome (in defiance of the writ *de hæretico comburendo*) has often been annually buffooned and executed in effigy by the ſtanch proteſtants of the good city of London.

That the cock at the ſtake is alſo a repreſentative, will appear highly probable from what follows.

The original meaning of the cuſtom under inquiry I take to be this. In our wars with France in former ages, our ingenious forefathers invented this emblematical way of expreſſing their deriſion of, and reſentment towards that nation. Poor monſieur at the ſtake was pelted by men and boys in a very rough and hoſtile manner. The brawny arm that demoliſhed the greateſt number of the enemy gained the honour of being the hero and champion of its country. The engagement generally continued great part of the day, and the courageous brave Engliſh always came off conquerors.

It will reaſonably be aſked, why I fix upon the French, rather than the Scotch, the Spaniſh, or any other nation? and why ſhould the enemy be repreſented by a cock rather than by a hen, a gooſe, a dog, or any other animal? The reaſon is evident: a cock has the miſfortune to be called in Latin by the ſame word which ſignifies a Frenchman: ſo that nothing could ſo well repreſent, or be repreſented by the one as the other. The Frenchman is ingeniouſly ridiculed and baſtinado'd in the perſon of his nameſake. This naturally accounts for the cruel and barbarous treatment poor Chanticleer undeſervedly met with. It was an ingenious politic contrivance to exaſperate the minds, and whet the reſentment of the people againſt the enemies of their country.

The reader will probably imagine, that the conceit of ſubſtituting a cock for a Frenchman, becauſe of the Latin word common to both, has no foundation in nature, neither was any ſuch thing ever deſigned, or thought of, but is only a low joke, a vile pun, drawn from the accidental circumſtance of the ſimilitude of a name.

As to the conceit being a low quibble, I agree with the objector; but that it might paſs for a happy flight of wit in dark and ignorant ages is highly probable,

bable, becauſe the ſame thought has been paumed upon the preſent age for ſuch in a remarkable public inſtance.

Whoever caſts his eye at Blenheim houſe, will obſerve over the portals finely carved in ſtone the figure of a monſtrous lion, the arms of England, tearing to pieces a harmleſs cock, in ſpite of Pliny's authority to the contrary *. This device emblematically repreſents the Engliſh victories over the French under the conduct of the late duke of Marlborough. This interpretation is not a jingle of accidental circumſtances; but was really deſigned when the images were there erected. A conceit ſo low in ſo noble a pile of building, a celebrated author juſtly calls a pun in architecture. But if in ſo fine a ſtructure, deſigned as a public honour to the Britiſh nation, if in an age when arts, learning, and politeneſs, ſhine with the greateſt luſtre; if by perſons of the firſt rank and quality; if by judges, in all other reſpects, of the moſt elegant and delicate taſte; this device has been admitted as a happy flight of wit: What reflection on our remote anceſtors, to imagine that they applauded themſelves on the ſame lucky thought?

Our ingenious forefathers refined upon this conceit with great ſubtilty, not only thereby expreſſed their indignation to an enemy, but pictured their national vice by an artful hieroglyphic. Levity and inconſtancy of temper, is a general reproach upon the French. The cock upon the ſteeple (ſet up in contempt and deriſion of that nation, on ſome violation of peace or breach of alliance) naturally repreſents theſe ill qualities.

Whether a ſtop-cock which turns any way, and perhaps was originally made in form of that creature; as alſo a cock-boat, a light unſteady veſſel, may derive their names from the ſame cauſe, I leave it to the reader's own judgment and reflexion.

The time when this lucky hint of ſubſtituting nameſakes for each other firſt came into practice, I am not able to diſcover. From what we may ſuppoſe would be thought wit in that age, and the circumſtances of affairs relating to us and the French, I conjecture it to have happened in the reign of Edward III. † when the two nations

* Nat. Hiſt. l. vii. c. 16. *Hoc iam ſævum animal* (Leonem) *gallinaceorum criſtæ, cantuſq; magis, terrent.* l. x. c. 21. Galli *terrori ſunt etiam leonibus ferarum generoſiſſimis.* Lucretius, l. iv. v. 714, &c.

† The following paſſage in the life of archbiſhop Becket relates only to cock-fighting; ſo there is no reaſon on that account to place the original of cock-throwing higher than we have here fixed it. *Præ-*

nations ſeem to have been exaſperated againſt each other by more than an ordinary reſentment.

The ſeaſon of the year, juſt before armies take the field and enter upon action; and the particular day, uſually celebrated with extraordinary diverſions and luxury (*mardi gras*) were aptly fixed on for this ſolemnity, in that all ſexes, ages and degrees, then aſſembled, with ſpirits briſk and lively thro' mirth and good cheer, might encourage and exaſperate each other, eſpecially the armed heroes now going abroad againſt the common enemy of their country. Each return of the ſeaſon added new fuel to the flame; and by this means revenge and rage always boiled in the breaſt, and fired their ſouls with a deſire of performing warlike and brave actions. Poictiers and Agincourt may probably be owing to this accidental and unregarded circumſtance.

Gallicide, or cock-throwing, was firſt introduced by way of contempt to the French, and to exaſperate the minds of the people againſt that nation: But why ſhould this cuſtom be continued, when we are no longer at war with them? The affront annually offered is indeed not worth their regard, but muſt juſtly bring the genius of England into contempt and ridicule with all Europe. 'Tis a low mean expreſſion of our rage, even in time of war; (tho' by the way, a much more ſignificantdevice than thelion and cock in Oxfordſhire) but in time of peace 'tis abſurd and fooliſh beyond expreſſion.

The barbarity to the harmleſs creature at the ſtake, one would think, ſhould be an object of horror both to the actors and ſpectators of this inhuman tragedy. To baſtinado and torture a poor creature out of ſport and wantonneſs, is a ſpecies of cruelty that wants a name. It was a proper reprimand of the frogs in the fable, to the little maſters who were pelting them with ſtones: 'Young gentlemen, pray forbear! this may be ſport to you, but 'tis death to us.'

But the greateſt unhappineſs attending the rude exerciſes of cock-throwing, bull-baiting, prize-fighting, and the like bear-garden diverſions (not to mention the more genteel entertainments of cock-fighting, and our theatrical murders in preſence of the audience, on which account we are juſtly the reproach of all our neighbours) the greateſt misfortune ariſing from theſe brutal ſports is, that they inſpire the minds of children and young people with a ſavage diſpoſition and ferocity of temper highly pleaſed with acts of barbarityand cruelty. Good-nature, compaſſion and tenderneſs, will with great difficulty afterwards gain poſſeſſion, if the mind be firſt tinctured with inhumanity and blood.

terea quotannis, aie quæ vocatur carnilevaria, (Shrove-Tueſday) *ſcholarum ſinguli pueri ſuos apportant magiſtro ſuo gallos gallinaceos pugnaces; & totum illud antemeridianum datur ludo puerorum ſpectare in ſcholis ſuorum pugnas gallorum.*

Se-

Solutions to the Problems in Numb. XX.

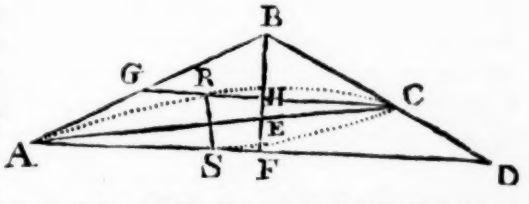
Prob. I. *anſwered by Mr.* Thomas Barber, *of* Wiſſet, Suffolk.

From the firſt of the given equations we get $y = \frac{a+\sqrt{a}}{x}$,

Whence by ſubſtitution $\frac{\sqrt{a+\sqrt{x}}}{\sqrt{x+\frac{a+\sqrt{a}}{x}}} + x\,\frac{\left(\frac{a+\sqrt{a}}{x2}\right)^2}{x}\sqrt{a+\sqrt{x}} = b$

Now from this equation x may be had, (a and b being given quantities) and from thence y is alſo known.

Prob. II. *by the Same Gentleman.*



Put $a = 1000$, $b = 0.2618$, $c = 1.5708$, and $x =$ cone's ſemibaſe. Then we ſhall have by the nature of the queſtion $8\,a\,b\,c\,x^3\sqrt{a^2-x^2} =$ a maximum, whence $x = a\sqrt{\frac{3}{4}} = 866$, the cone's ſemibaſe; hence the axis is $= 500$.

Now to find the tranſverſe of the ellipſis, put $a =$ A F, $3b =$ B F, and $x =$ F H; then $2b - x =$ B H, and by ſimilar triangles, as $3b : a :: 2b-a : \frac{2b-x+a}{3b} =$ G H $=$ C H: and alſo as $a : b :: \frac{2b-x+a}{3b} : x$, hence $x = \frac{1}{2}b = 83\frac{1}{3}$, then C G $= 866$, and A C $= 1317$, the tranſverſe of the elliptical plane; and its conjugate R S $= \sqrt{\text{G C} \times \text{A D}} = 1224$.

New Mathematical Problems.

Prob. I. *By Mr.* Thomas Barker.

Given the baſe of a plain triangle $= 40$, the ſum of the ſquares of the ſides $= 1650$; Moreover, ſuppoſing the verticle angle be divided into two parts by a perpendicular (let fall upon the baſe) in ſuch manner that the rectangle of their tangents is $= 0.9375$: Quere the ſides of the triangle?

Put

Put $a = 40$, $b = 1650$, $c = 0.9375$, $x =$ either ſegment of the baſe, and $y =$ perpendicular of the required triangle.

Then $x^2 + y^2 + a - x^2 + y^2 = b$, and $\frac{\overline{a-x} \times x}{y^2} = C$ *per* queſtion.

Now $y^2 = \frac{\overline{a-x} \times x}{c}$, whence $x^2 + \frac{\overline{a-x}+x}{c}\left(\frac{\overline{a-x}+x}{1-a-x}\right)^2 + \frac{\overline{a-x}+x}{c} = b$

Solved gives $x = \frac{1}{2}a \pm \sqrt{\frac{1}{4}a^2 - \frac{a-b+c}{1-c+z}} = \begin{Bmatrix} 25 \\ 15 \end{Bmatrix}$ &c.

Then $y = 20$, and from whence the ſides are eaſily had, 25; and 32.0156 reſpectively.

Prob. II. *by Mr.* Walter Johnſton.

If the vertical angle of any triangle B A D be any how divided by a line A C drawn to the baſe, it will be as the ſine of one part of the vertical angle, namely, the ſine of B A C divided by the oppoſite ſegment B C, is to the ſine of the other part D A C divided by the oppoſite ſegment C D, ſo is the ſide A D adjacent to the angle C A D to the ſide A B adjacent to the angle C A B $\left\{ \frac{\text{S BAC}}{\text{BC}} : \frac{\text{S CAD}}{\text{CD}} :: \text{AD} : \text{AB} : \right\}$

Required a demonſtration.

POETRY.

EXTRACT *from* An EPISTLE *to* WILLIAM HOGARTH. *By* C. CHURCHILL.

AMongſt the ſons of men how few are known
Who dare be juſt to merit not their own!
Superior virtue and ſuperior ſenſe
To knaves and fools will always give offence;
Nay, men of real worth can ſcarcely bear,
So nice is jealouſy, a rival there.
Be wicked as thou wilt, do all that's baſe,
Proclaim thyſelf the monſter of thy race!
Let vice and folly thy black ſoul divide,
Be proud with meanneſs, and be mean with pride;
Deaf to the voice of faith and honour, fall
From ſide to ſide, yet be of none at all;
Spurn all thoſe charities, thoſe ſacred ties,
Which nature in her bounty, good and wiſe,
To work our ſafety, and enſure her plan,
Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man;
Lift againſt virtue pow'r's oppreſſive rod,
Betray thy country, and deny thy God;
And, in one gen'ral comprehenſive line,
To group, which volumes ſcarcely could define,
Whate'er of ſin and dulneſs can be ſaid,
Join to F——'s heart a D——'s head,
Yet may'ſt thou paſs unnotic'd in the throng,
And, free from envy, ſafely ſneak along.

The

The rigid ſaint, by whom no mercy's
ſhewn
To ſaints whoſe lives are better than his
own,
Shall ſpare thy crimes, and WIT, who
never once
Forgave a brother ſhall forgive a dunce.
But ſhould thy ſoul, form'd in ſome
luckleſs hour,
Vile int'reſt ſcorn, nor madly graſp at
pow'r;
Should love of fame, in ev'ry noble mind
A brave diſeaſe, with love of virtue join'd,
Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage
try'd
In reaſon's court is amply juſtify'd;
Or, fond of knowledge and averſe to ſtrife,
Should thou prefer the calmer walk of
life;
Shouldſt thou, by pale and ſickly STUDY
led,
Purſue coy ſcience to the fountain head;
Virtue thy guide, and public good thy end,
Shou'd ev'ry thought to our improve-
ment tend,
To curb the paſſions, to enlarge the mind,
Purge the ſick weal, and humanize
mankind:
Rage in her eye, and malice in her breaſt,
Redoubled horror grinning on her creſt,
Fiercer each ſnake, and ſharper ev'ry dart,
Quick from her cell ſhall madd'ning
ENVY ſtart.
Then ſhalt thou find, but find, alas!
too late,
How vain is worth! how ſhort is glory's
date!
Then ſhalt thou find, whilſt friends with
foes conſpire
To give more proof than virtue would
deſire.
Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime's ſo great as daring to excel.
Whilſt Satire thus, diſdaining mean
controul,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honeſt ſoul,
CANDOUR, who with the charity of *Paul*,
Still thinks the beſt, whene'er ſhe thinks
at all,
With the ſweet milk of human kindneſs
bleſs'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repreſs'd.
Can'ſt thou, with more than uſual
warmth, ſhe cry'd,
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride,
Can'ſt thou, ſevere by nature as thou art,
With all that wond'rous rancour in thy
heart,
Delight to torture truth ten thouſand
ways,
To ſpin detraction but from themes of
praiſe,
To make *vice* fit, for purpoſes of ſtrife,
And draw the hag much larger than the
life,
To make the good ſeem bad, the bad
ſeem worſe,
And repreſent our nature as our curſe?
Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal?
Doth not diſcretion warn thee of diſgrace,
And danger grinning ſtare thee in the
face?
Loud as the drum, which ſpreading ter-
ror round,
From emptineſs acquires the pow'r of
ſound,
Doth not the voice of *Norton* ſtrike thy ear,
And the pale *Mansfield* chill thy ſoul with
fear?
Do'ſt thou, fond man, believe thyſelf
ſecure,
Becauſe thou'rt honeſt, and becauſe
thou'rt poor?
Do'ſt thou on law and liberty depend?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy in-
jur'd friend.
Art thou beyond the ruffian gripe of pow'r,
When *Wilkes* PREJUDG'D, is ſentenc'd
to the tow'r?
Do'ſt thou by privilege exemption claim,
When privilege is little more than name?
Or to prerogative (that glorious ground
On which ſtate-ſcoundrels oft have ſafety
found)
Do'ſt thou pretend, and there a ſanction
find,
Unpuniſh'd, thus to libel human kind?
When poverty, the poet's conſtant
crime,
Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in
rhyme,
Had not romantic notions turn'd thy head,
Had'ſt thou not valu'd honour more than
bread,
Had int'reſt, pliant int'reſt, been thy
guide,
And had not prudence been debauch'd
by pride,
In flatt'ry's ſtream thou wou'd'ſt have
dipp'd thy pen,
Apply'd to great, and not to honeſt, men,
Nor ſhould conviction have ſeduc'd thy
heart
To take the weaker, tho' the better part,
What but rank folly, for thy curſe
decreed,
Could into *Satire*'s barren path miſlead,
When open to thy view, before thee lay,
Soul-ſoothing *panygeric*'s flow'ry way?
There might the muſe have ſaunter'd at
her eaſe,
And, pleaſing others, learn'd herſelf to
pleaſe,

Lord

Lords ſhould have liſten'd to the ſugar'd treat,
And *Ladies*, ſimp'ring, own'd it vaſtly ſweet;
Rogues, in thy prudent verſe with virtue grac'd,
Fools, mark'd by thee as prodigies of taſte,
Muſt have forbid, pouring preferments down,
Such wit, ſuch truth as thine to quit the gown.
The ſacred brethren too (for they, no leſs
Than laymen, bring their off'rings to ſucceſs.
Had hail'd the good if great, and paid the vow
Sincere as that they pay to God, whilſt thou
In *Lawn* had'ſt whiſper'd to a ſleeping crowd,
As dull as *R*——, and half as proud.

The poet replies:

Peace, *Candour*—wiſely had'ſt thou ſaid, and well,
Could int'reſt in this breaſt one moment dwell,
Could ſhe, with proſpect of ſucceſs, oppoſe
The firm reſolves, which from conviction roſe.
I cannot truckle to a fool of ſtate,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate.
Free leave have others by ſuch means to ſhine;
I ſcorn their practice, they may laugh at mine.
But in this change, forgetful of thyſelf,
Thou haſt aſſum'd the maxims of that elf,
Whom God in wrath for man's diſhonour fram'd,
Cunning in Heaven, amongſt us *Prudence* nam'd,
That *ſervile prudence*, which I leave to thoſe
Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes.
Had I, with cruel and oppreſſive rhymes,
Purſu'd, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes;
Had I, when virtue gaſping lay and low,
Join'd tyrant vice, and added woe to woe;
Had I made modeſty in bluſhes ſpeak,
And drawn the tears down beauty's ſacred cheek;
Had I (damn then) in thought debaſed my lays,
To wound that ſex, which honour bids me praiſe;
Had I, from vengence by baſe views betray'd,
In endleſs night ſunk injur'd *Ailiff*'s ſhade;
Had I (which ſatirifts of mighty name,
Renown'd in rhime, rever'd for *moral* fame,
Have done before, whom juſtice ſhall purſue
In future verſe) brought forth to public view
A noble friend, and made his foibles known,
Becauſe his worth was greater than my own;
Had I ſpar'd thoſe (ſo prudence had decreed)
Whom, God ſo help me at my greateſt need,
I ne'er will ſpare, thoſe vipers to their king,
Who ſmooths their looks, and flatter whilſt they ſting,
Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boaſt
Of thoſe, who flatter leaſt, but love him moſt;
Had I thus ſinned, my ſtubborn ſoul ſhould bend
At *Candour*'s voice, and take, as from a friend,
The deep rebuke; myſelf ſhould be the firſt
To hate myſelf, and ſtamp my muſe accurs'd.
But ſhall my arm—forbid it manly pride,
Forbid it reaſon, warring on my ſide—
For vengeance lifted high, the ſtroke forbear,
And hang ſuſpended in the deſart air,
Or to my trembling ſide unnerv'd ſink down,
Palſied, forſooth, by *candour*'s half-made frown?
When juſtice bids me on, ſhall I delay
Becauſe inſipid *candour* bars my way?
When ſhe, of all alike the puling friend,
Would diſappoint my ſatire's nobleſt end,
When ſhe to villains would a ſanction give,
And ſhelter thoſe who are not fit to live,
When ſhe would ſcreen the guilty from a bluſh,
And bids me ſpare whom reaſon bids me cruſh,
All leagues with *candour* proudly I reſign;
She cannot be for honour's turn, nor mine,
Yet come, cold monitor half foe, half friend,
Whom vice can't fear, whom virtue can't commend,

Come

Come *candour*, by thy dull indifference known,
Thou equal-blooded judge, thou luke-warm drone,
Who, faſhion'd without feelings, doſt expect
We call that virtue, which we know defect,
Come, and obſerve the nature of our crimes,
The groſs and rank complexion of the times,
Obſerve it well, and then review my plan;
Praiſe if you will, or cenſure if you can.
Whilſt vice preſumptuous lords it as in ſport,
And piety is only known at court;
Whilſt wretched *liberty* expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burthen of *exciſe*;
Whilſt nobles act, without one touch of ſhame,
What men of humble rank would bluſh to name;
Whilſt honour's plac'd in higheſt point of view,
Worſhip'd by thoſe who juſtice never knew;
Whilſt bubbles of diſtinction waſte in play
The hours of reſt, and blunder thro' the day,
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their ſleep;
Whilſt fathers, by relentleſs paſſion led,
Doom worthy injur'd ſons to beg their bread.
Merely with ill-got, ill-fav'd wealth to grace
An alien, abject, poor, proud, upſtart race;
Whilſt Martin flatters only to betray,
And Webb gives up his dirty ſoul for pay;
Whilſt titles ſerve to huſh a villain's fears;
Whilſt peers are agents made, and agents peers;
Whilſt baſe betrayers are themſelves betray'd,
And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
Whilſt C. falſe to God and man, for gold
Like the old traitor who a ſaviour ſold,
To ſhame his maſter, friend and father gives,
Whilſt Bute remains in pow'r, whilſt Holland lives;
Can ſatire want a ſubject, where diſdain
By virtue fir'd may point her ſharpeſt ſtrain,
Where cloth'd with thunder, truth may roll along,
And Candour juſtify the rage of ſong!

Candour allows that theſe are juſt objects of ſatire; and aſks the ſatiriſt why with ſuch things, ſuch men before him, he ſhould traffic with ſlander, and tell us that

Dead to virtue, loſt to nature's plan,
Envy poſſeſſes the whole race of man,

which is a rank falſhood;

Search the world around,
There cannot be ſo vile a monſter found;
Not one ſo vile, on whom ſuſpicions fall
Of that groſs guilt which you impute to all.
That if he could produce
One man ſo loſt, to nature ſo untrue,
From whom this gen'ral charge his raſhneſs drew,
She would acquit him of wilful falſhood.

The Satiriſt calls upon Mr. Hogarth to ſtand forth, and charges him with ſacrificing genius and merit on envy's altar.

Should painters only his vaſt wrath ſuffice?
Genius in ev'ry walk is lawful prize.
'Tis a groſs inſult to his o'ergrown ſtate;
His love to merit is to feel his hate.
When Wilkes, our countryman, our common friend,
Aroſe, his King, his country to defend,
When tools of pow'r he dar'd to public view,
And from their holes the ſneaking cowards drew,
When rancour found it far beyond her reach
To ſoil his honour, and his truth impeach,
What could induce thee, at a time and place,
Where manly foes had bluſh'd to ſhew their face,
To make that effort, which muſt damn thy name,
And ſink thee deep, deep in thy grave with ſhame?
Did virtue move thee? no, 'twas pride, rank pride,
And if thou hadſt not done it, thou hadſt dy'd.
Malice (who diſappointed of her end,
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,

Preys on herſelf, and driven to the ſtake,
Gives virtue that revenge ſhe ſcorns to take)
Had kill'd thee, tott'ring on life's utmoſt verge,
Had Wilkes and Liberty eſcap'd thy ſcourge.
When that great charter, which our fathers bought
With their beſt blood, was into queſtion brought;
When, big with ruin, o'er each Engliſh head
Vile ſlavery hung ſuſpended by a thread;
When liberty, all trembling and aghaſt,
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was paſt;
When ev'ry breaſt was chill'd with deep deſpair,
'Till reaſon pointed out that Pratt was there;
Lurking, moſt ruffian-like, behind a ſcreen,
So plac'd all things to ſee, himſelf unſeen.
Virtue, with due contempt ſaw Hogarth ſtand,
The murd'rous pencil in his palſied hand.
What was the cauſe of liberty to him,
Or what was honour, let them ſink or ſwim,
So he may gratify without controul
The mean reſentments of his ſelfiſh ſoul.
Let freedom periſh, if, to freedom true,
In the ſame ruin Wilkes may periſh too.
With all the ſymptoms of aſſur'd decay,
With age and ſickneſs pinch'd, and worn away,
Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and falt'ring tongue,
The ſpirits out of tune, the nerves unſtrung,
Thy body ſhrivell'd up, thy dim eyes ſunk
Within their ſockets deep thy weak hams ſhrunk,
The body's weight unable to ſuſtain,
The ſtream of life, ſcarce trembling thro' the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honeſt truths, which fell,
Thro' thy own fault, from men who wiſh'd thee well.
Can'ſt thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
And, dead to all things elſe, to malice live?
Hence, dotard, to thy cloſet, ſhut thee in,
By deep repentance waſh away thy ſin.
From haunts of men to ſhame and ſorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.
Vain exhortation! waſh the Ethiop white,
Diſcharge the leoperd's ſpots, turn day to night,
Controul the courſe of nature, bid the deep
Huſh at thy pigmy voice her waves to ſleep,
Perform things paſſing ſtrange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in ſuch a heart.
That envy which was woven in the frame
At firſt will to the laſt remain the ſame.
Reaſon may droop, may die, but envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers ſtrength from age.
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that envy, who with giant ſtride
Stalks thro' the vale of life by virtue's ſide,
And calmly hears her praiſers after death,
Retreats when ſhe hath drawn her lateſt breath,
To ſuch obſervers Hogarth gives the lie;
Worth may be hears'd, but envy cannot die;
Within the manſion of his gloomy breaſt,
A manſion ſuited well to ſuch a gueſt;
Immortal, unimpair'd ſhe rears her head,
And damns alike the living and the dead.

After arraigning Hogarth of vanity in pretending to have united the force of Italy and Greece in his painting of Sigiſmunda,

But, of events regardleſs, whilſt the muſe
Perhaps with too much heat her theme purſues;
While her quick ſpirits roſe at freedom's call,
And ev'ry drop of blood is turn'd to gall.
Whilſt a dear country, and an injur'd friend,
Urge my ſtrong anger to the bitt'reſt end,
Whilſt honeſt trophies to revenge are rais'd,
Let not one real virtue paſs unprais'd.
Juſtice with equal courſe bids ſatire flow,
And loves the virtue of her greateſt foe.
O! that I here could that rare virtue mean,
Which ſcorns the rule of envy, pride, and ſpleen,
Which ſprings not from the labour'd works of art,
But hath its riſe from nature in the heart,

Which

Which in itſelf with happineſs is crown'd,
And ſpreads with joy the bleſſing all around!
But truth forbids, and in theſe ſimple lays,
Contended with a different kind of praiſe,
Muſt Hogarth ſtand; that praiſe which genius gives,
In which to lateſt time the artiſt lives,
But not the man; which, rightly underſtood,
May make us great, but cannot make us good.
That praiſe be Hogarth's; freely let him wear
That wreath which genius wove, and planted there.
Foe as I am, ſhould envy tear it down,
Myſelf would labour to replace the crown.
In walks of humour, in that caſt of ſtyle,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us ſmile;
In comedy, thy nat'ral road to fame;
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their ſoul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole.
Where a plain ſtory to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrival'd ſtands, and ſhall engage
Unrivall'd praiſe to the moſt diſtant age.
. . . . . .
With ſo much merit, and ſo much ſucceſs,
With ſo much power to curſe, ſo much to bleſs.
Would he have been man's friend, inſtead of foe,
Hogarth had been a little God below,
Why then, like ſavage giants, fam'd of old,
Of whom in ſcripture ſtory we are told,
Doſt thou in cruelty that ſtrength employ,
Which nature meant to ſave, not to deſtroy,
Why doſt thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
Sit grinning o'er the ruins thou haſt made?
Moſt rank ill nature muſt applaud thy art;
But even candour muſt condemn thy heart.
For me, who warm and zealous for my friend,
In ſpite of railing thouſands, will commend,
And no leſs warm and zealous 'gainſt my foes,
Spite of commending thouſands, will oppoſe,
I dare thy worſt, with ſcorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of pity view thy age,
Thy feeble age, in which, as in a glaſs,
We ſee how men to diſſolution paſs.
Thou wretched being, whom on reaſon's plan,
So chang'd, ſo loſt, I cannot call a man;
What could perſuade thee, at this time of life,
To launch afreſh into the ſea of ſtrife?
Better for thee, ſcarce crawling on the earth,
Almoſt as much a child as at thy birth,
To have reſign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And ſunk unnotic'd in the arms of death.
Why would thy grey grey hairs reſentment brave,
Thus to go down with ſorrow to the grave;
Now, by my ſoul, it makes me bluſh to know
My ſpirits could deſcend to ſuch a foe.
Whatever cauſe the vengeance might provoke,
It ſeems rank cowardice to give the ſtroke.
Sure 'tis a curſe which angry fates impoſe,
To mortify man's arrogance, that thoſe
Who're faſhion'd of ſome better ſort of clay,
Much ſooner than the common herd decay.
What bitter pangs muſt humbled genius feel,
In their laſt hours, to view a Swift and Steele?
How muſt ill boding horrors fill her breaſt,
When ſhe beholds men, mark'd above the reſt
For qualities moſt dear, plung'd from that height,
And ſunk, deep ſunk, in ſecond childhood's night?
Are men, indeed, ſuch things, and are the beſt
More ſubject to this evil than the reſt,
To drivel out whole years of ideot breath,
And ſit the monuments of living death!
O, galling circumſtance of human pride!
Abaſing thought, but not to be denied;
With curious art the brain too finely wrought,
Preys on herſelf, and is deſtroy'd by thought.
Conſtant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her pow'rs, and leaves a blank behind.

But let not youth, to inſolence allied,
In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Poſſeſs'd of genius, with unhallow'd rage
Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age.
The greateſt genius to this fate may bow;
Reynolds in time, may be like Hogarth now.

Spoken at the Theatre of Oxford *at the late Encænia,* Thurſday, July 7, 1763, *before the Earl of* Litchfield, *Chancellor of that Univerſity.*

WHEN duſky vapours cloud the weſtern ſky,
And hollow blaſts proclaim the tempeſt nigh;
By inſtinct warm'd, the fearful birds forſake
The ſpacious plain, and ſeek the ſhelt'ring brake;
Awhile the notes of love and joy ſuſpend,
And hear, ſecure, the rattling ſtorm deſcend;
But ſoon the ſun's returning ray's inſpire
New ſongs of joy, and rouze the warbling choir.
Thus when ambition ſpread her dire alarms,
And diſcord wak'd the jarring world to arms:
Far from the troubled ſcene the Aonian maids
In trembling ſilence ſought theſe holy ſhades.
But ſoon as George's will and Granby's ſword,
The world to freedom, and to peace, reſtor'd,
Higher their theme, they ſtrive their notes to raiſe,
And join the chorus of a nation's praiſe.
Let others bleſt with all the powers of verſe,
High deeds of arms and martial fame rehearſe,
Record the glories of the embattled plain,
And Britain's boundleſs empire o'er the main.
For Granby's temples twine the wreath of fame,
And grace the immortal verſe with Keppel's name.
But I, who ne'er could boaſt a poet's art,
Whoſe language is the language of the heart;
Who ne'er could ſoar on rapture's tow'ring wing,
To peace and freedom ſtrike the lowlier ſtring.
Heroes in ev'ry age and climate riſe,
Whoſe flaſh like meteors on our dazzled eyes,
Who wild with pow'r, and urg'd by luſt of ſway,
Thro' trackleſs regions force their deſp'rate way.
Proud from their huts to drive the trembling ſwains,
And reign ſole tyrants of the ravag'd plains.
And when ſucceſs has crown'd their lawleſs claim,
The world misjudging calls the oppreſſion Fame.
Not ſuch the glory much lov'd Titus won,
Who fix'd on virtue's ſolid baſe his throne,
Who deem'd the King for public good deſign'd,
To be the friend and guardian of mankind;
Deſign'd to curb ambition's headſtrong pride,
And bid the rage of waſteful war ſubſide.
Bleſt be the prince, to whoſe diſtinguiſh'd hand
Heav'n truſts the ſcepter of this happy land:
Be this his glory, this his conſtant care,
By mercy's balm to heal the wounds of war;
To awe bold vice, to cheriſh modeſt worth,
And cruſh the Hydra faction in its birth,
With lenient hand to ſuccour the diſtreſt,
And be, by bleſſing others, truly bleſt.
Wide as his fame his virtues to extend,
And ſhine religion's ornament and friend.
Pleas'd, o'er the ſeats of ſcience to diffuſe
His kindeſt influence, and protect the muſe;
The muſe, who ſtrives her feeble voice to raiſe,
And ſwell his glory by her honeſt praiſe,
Who grateful ſings the theme which all approve,
A reign of virtue, liberty, and love.

PHYLLIS. A PASTORAL.

By J. CUNNINGHAM.

I Said,—"On the banks by the ſtream
"I've pip'd for the ſhepherds too long:
"Oh grant me, ye Muſes, a theme
"Where glory may brighten my ſong!"
But

But Pan bade me ſtick to my ſtrain,
Nor leſſons too lofty rehearſe;
Ambition befits not a ſwain,
And Phyllis loves paſtoral verſe.

II.

The roſe, tho' a beautiful red,
Looks faded to Phyllis's bloom;
The breeze from the bean flower bed
To her breath's but a feeble perfume;
The dew drop ſo limpid and gay,
That looſe on the violet lies,
(Tho' brighten'd by Phœbus's ray)
Wants luſtre compar'd to her eyes.

III.

A lilly I pluck'd in full pride,
It's freſhneſs with her's to compare;
And fooliſhly thought (till I try'd)
The flowret was equally fair.
How, Corydon, could you miſtake?
Your fault be with ſorrow confeſt!
You ſaid, the white ſwans on the lake
For ſoftneſs might rival her breaſt.

IV.

While thus I went on in her praiſe,
My Phyllis paſs'd ſportive along;
Ye poets I covet no bays,
She ſmil'd—a reward for my ſong!
I find the God Pan's in the right,
No fame's like the fair one's applauſe,
And Cupid muſt crown with delight
The ſhepherd that ſings in his cauſe.

Foreign and Domeſtic Occurrences.

Ratiſbon, June 23.

A Village named Vohenſtraus, ſix miles from Sultſbach, which had been already burnt down four times, and ſince the laſt rebuilt in a moſt beautiful manner, has lately been deſtroyed by fire a fifth time. On the 9th of June, in the afternoon, a fire broke out in the market-place, which, by the violence of the wind, in leſs than half an hour ſet fire to the whole town, whereby 152 dwelling-houſes, 101 barns, the church, ſteeples, and bells, the town-houſe, with the record, the proteſtant and Romiſh places of public worſhip, together with all their effects and libraries, and all the ſchools, were reduced to aſhes, and but few ſmall habitations left ſtanding. All endeavours uſed to extinguiſh the Flames proved ineffectual; ſo that the unfortunate inhabitants preſerved little or nothing of their effects, moſt of them having enough to do to ſave their own lives; and their diſtreſs is very great, having neither clothes, money, nor bread. Some perſons were unfortunately burnt, and many greatly hurt. Some waggon loads of bread have been ſent by the magiſtrates of Wieden to the relief of theſe unfortunate perſons.

LONDON.

They write from Peterſbourg, that a fire happened in the night, between the 3d and 4th of June, at Warziley Eſtroſ, by which five ſtone and forty timber houſes were burnt to the ground, twenty children periſhed in the flames. The whole loſs is computed at 30,000 roubles.

A Paragraph from Amſterdam in the laſt Utrecht Gazette, ſays, that at Doornum in Eaſt-Frieſland, a mechanick, named Hero-Hicken, has invented a machine, which being once ſet in motion, keeps going perpetually, till ſuch time as the materials of which it is compoſed are fallen to decay, or the ſtructure of the machine itſelf is altered. If this be true, we have here a diſcovery of the longitude under all the variations of climes, ſeaſons, weather, &c. an invention which the great Leibnitz and Bernouilli thought as impoſſible, as the ſquaring of the circle, or the diſcovery of an univerſal panacea.

On Wedneſday the 6th, one of the moſt important points of Engliſh liberty was determined at Guildhall, before the Right Hon. Lord Chief juſtice Pratt, and a ſpecial jury of eminent merchants, in a cauſe wherein Mr. William Huckell, one of the journeymen printers, apprehended on account of the North-Britain, No. XLV. was plaintiff, and the king's meſſengers, defendants; when after a hearing of near 12 hours, and many learned arguments on both ſides, a verdict was given for the plaintiff in Three Hundred Pounds Damages, and full coſts of ſuit. The council for the plaintiffs were

were Mr. Serjeant Glynn, Mr. Stow, Mr. Dunning, Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Gardiner: For the defendants, Mr. Attorney and Mr. Sollicitor General, Mr. Serjeant Whitaker, Mr. Serjeant Naires, Mr. Serjeant Davy, and Mr. Yates. The attorney for the plaintiff was Mr. James Phillips of Cecil-ſtreet; and for the defendants, Philip Carteret Webb, Eſq; of the treaſury, and Mr. Secondary Barnes.

The 7th inſtant, came on, about ten o'clock in the morning, at Guildhall, before the Right Hon. Lord Chief Juſtice Pratt, in the court of King's Bench, the tryal of Mr. James Lindſey, another of the journeymen printers, impriſoned on ſuſpicion of being concerned in the North Briton, No. XLV. when the meſſengers were a ſecond time found guilty. During the courſe of the trial it was agreed by the council on both ſides, that the verdict given by the jury on this trial ſhould determine all the other actions depending for the ſame offence; accordingly the jury, which was a ſpecial one, after withdrawing about an hour, brought in a verdict for 200 l. damages, with full coſts of ſuit.

Theſe are the names of the *twelve* worthy Engliſhmen who have the cauſe of liberty at heart. They met together at Guildhall on the 5th of July, 1763.

Richard King,	John Weſcott,
William Bond,	Benj. Watkinſon,
Thomas Dickens	Joſeph Mico,
Peter Canelett,	James Randall,
Thomas Selwin,	Frederick Tuſh,
John Danil Cottin,	Peter Deſchamps

Wedneſday the 6th inſtant began the ſeſſions at the Old Bailey, when twenty three priſoners were tried, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz. Cornelius Saunders, for ſtealing about 50 l. in the dwelling-houſe of Joſ. White, in Lamb-ſtreet, Spitalfields, his property; and John Brown, for robbing Edward Johnſon of 3s. and a halfpenny, on the Highway in Hendon-wood-lane, near Barnet. Twelve were caſt for tranſportation, and nine acquitted.

Thurſday the 7th, ſixteen Priſoners were tried at the Old-Bailey, one of whom was capitally convicted, viz. Lewis Mackely, for breaking the dwelling-houſe of Antonio Frances, in Eaſt-Smithfield, and ſtealing ſeven guineas and a half, and a pair of ſilver ſhoe-buckles, and knee-buckles. Eight were caſt for tranſportation, among whom was John Brinklow, caſt upon two indictments, the firſt for ſtealing a bank note, value 20 l. the property of Thomas Elrington, Eſq; the ſecond for ſtealing a parcel of Eaſt-India Bonds, the property of Joakin Gerrard Bays. Seven were acquitted.

Friday the 8th, fifteen priſoners were tried at the Old Bailey, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz. William Holloway, for robbing Robert Long in a field between Marybone and Weſt-End of a ſilver watch; and Richard Potter, for perſonating Andrew Magee, a ſeaman on board the ſhip Burford, in order to receive his prize-money. Eight were caſt for tranſportation, and five acquitted.

Saturday the 9th, 23 priſoners were tried at the Old Bailey, two of whom were capitally convicted, 13 caſt for tranſportation, and eight acquitted, one of whom was William Lee, tried on the black act for maiming his wife: It appeared he had cut her throat whilſt ſhe was ſleeping, with a razor, about three inches in length; but as the place wounded did not come within the deſcription of the act of parliament, he was acquitted; but detained in Newgate for a twelvemonth, and will further meet with a ſevere puniſhment, though not adequate to his Crime.

Monday the 11th, the ſeſſions ended at the Old Baily, when 12 priſoners were tried, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz. James Geary, for breaking the dwelling houſe of Terrance Havers, in Parker's lane, and ſtealing goods and money to the amount of about 50 l. and William Hall, for ſtealing ſeven pair of ſtockings, value 17s. in the ſhop of Lewis Blare. Four were caſt for tranſportation, and ſix acquitted.

At this ſeſſions 90 priſoners were tried; nine received ſentence of death, 41 tranſported for ſeven years, one to be whipped, and one branded.

The next ſeſſions will begin on Wedneſday the 14th of September.

On Sunday the 10th inſtant, the new church of Weſt Wycombe in Buckinghamſhire (with a fine new organ, which, with the church, coſt building and erecting upwards of 6000l. at the ſole expence of the Right Hon. the Lord Deſpenſer) was opened with a ſuitable anthem, and an excellent ſermon, adapted to the occaſion, preached by the rector of the pariſh. The church is built of ſtone, on a gradual eminence, in

in the moſt beautiful taſte of architecture: The pavement is moſaic, and the roof of the fineſt ſtucco-work, with ſeveral emblematical figures. There are no pews, but ſeats covered with green cloth, with haſſocks to kneel on; the men ſit on one ſide, and the women on the other. The pulpit is built by itſelf, on which is a large ſpread eagle, ſtanding on a ball, both made of braſs, and finely guilt; the reading deſk, and deſk for the clerk, both ſtand ſeparate. In the centre of the church ſtands a font of inimitable workmanſhip; four carved doves ſeem to be drinking out of the font, one dove appears going up by the ſide, and a ſerpent following it; and the baſon where the water is kept, with the cover to it, is made of ſolid gold. Near the altar is a fine picture, repreſenting our bleſſed Saviour at his laſt ſupper; and on the whole, with the other ornaments, it is reckoned to be the moſt beautiful country church in all England. Three couple were married, and two girls were baptized by the name of Elizabeth, to whom his Lordſhip was ſponſor, and has ſettled five pounds per ann. upon them for their lives. Sir Thomas Stapleton, his Lordſhip's nephew, and heir to the barony of Deſpenſer, the hon. Robert Trevor Hambden, one of the poſt-maſters-general, ſeveral other perſons of diſtinction, and ſome thouſand perſons were preſent on the occaſion.

On Thurſday the 7th inſtant, the laſt dividend of the Hermione prize-money, was paid at the Ship tavern behind the Royal Exchange; the midſhipmen and other petty officers received 72 l. which makes each of their ſhares 1802 l. and every foremaſt man received 341. 2 s. which makes each of their ſhares amount to 484 l.

We hear from Skipton, in the county of York, that on the 27th ult. they had the greateſt fall of rain ever ſeen there; that one whole bridge and part of another were waſhed down by the violence of the flood; alſo that part of Eccleſfield church, near Sheffield, was thrown down the ſame day by the great violence of the lightening. At the houſe of Mr. Charlton at Hooton, the Gable-end was thrown down, ſome goods ſtanding in the houſe, with the windows, were ſhivered to pieces. Near Worksop, a traveller taking ſhelter under a hovel, the horſe was killed, and the man had his thigh broke by the horſe falling upon him. At Harthill a cow was found dead in the paſture. A windmill at Balbro' had its ſails broke, and ſome ſacks within the mill were part of them conſumed, and the whole building was much much damaged. At Derby a poor woman and a child in her arms were killed in a cloſe by the river Derwent near that town. The ſame afternoon a horſe was ſtruck dead as it was grazing in the grounds between Holme, Pierpoint and Ratcliffe.

A caution to the public. — There has lately appeared in town a great number of bad moidores, made of baſe metal, and full weight. The better to know them, they are thicker in the middle than any other part, and ſound very bad.

The 10th, about one o'clock, a moſt dreadful fire broke out at a ſmall-beer brewhouſe at Shadwell-wall, which burnt ſo violently, that the flames ſoon reached ſome adjacent houſes, and in about four hours (there being a ſcarcity of water) conſumed 114 dwelling-houſes, beſides outhouſes and warehouſes, in ſeveral of which there were pitch, tar, and other combuſtibles, which made the flames ſo violent that there was no ſtopping their progreſs. A fine new ſhip, which was juſt unmoored, and was to have ſailed out of the dock the ſame day, was alſo intirely conſumed. One of the firemen belonging to the Sun-fire-office was unfortunately killed by a ſign-iron falling on him. Seven men, who were got into a loft full of ſails, &c. and handing them out to put on board a lighter, were ſo intent on what they were doing, that they forgot the danger they were in by the building being on fire: They were called to by ſome people to ſave their lives by timely getting out of the loft, but they, not regarding the advice, unhappily ſtaid till the flames ſurrounded them, when they all periſhed; and it is feared that many other perſons are loſt that had not time to eſcape the flames. It was with great difficulty a whole tier of ſhips was prevented catching fire. By this dreadful calamity many families are reduced to the greateſt diſtreſs, having loſt their all.

We hear from Wem, in Shropſhire, that on the 9th inſt. died, at a village in that neighbourhood, in the 103d year of his age, one John Bates, a ſwine-herd, who by three wives had 32 children.

We hear from Cambridge, that on Saturday the 2d inſt. one Anne Alderton, a girl about 16 years of age, ſervant to Mr.

Mr. Day at Littleport Fen, was committed to Ely goal, on ſuſpicion of robbing her maſter's houſe, and afterwards ſetting it on fire, which was burnt to the ground. We hear that Mr. Day and his wife being obliged to go out on ſome buſineſs, left the ſervant to take care of the houſe; Mrs. Day had wrapped up what caſh there was in the houſe, and put it into a ſack, and ſecreted it among ſome others, in the preſence of the girl, leſt any body ſhould rob the houſe in their abſence. Soon after, the girl took the money, and hid it in a hole in the ground, and then ſet fire to the houſe in order to burn the ſacks, and prevent a diſcovery. The money was afterwards found by direction of the girl.

Briſtol, July 11. One of the Glouceſter militia, for a wager of 300 l. undertook to come on foot from London to this city in 20 hours. Accordingly on Tueſday night at Twelve o'clock, he ſet off from thence, and arrived here at the Tolſey 35 minutes after Seven, having performed it with eaſe in 19 hours and 35 minutes.

Liverpoole, July 8. We hear that at the fair held in the little village of Newburgh, near Ormſkirk, on the 22d of June, there was the greateſt number of horned cattle that has been known ſince the diſtemper, but fewer ſold, and thoſe at lower prices than was expected from the ſeaſonableneſs of the weather. Notwithſtanding it is very remarkable, that at the ſaid fair there were ſold out of three licenſed ale-houſes, and three ſmall occaſional pot-houſes,

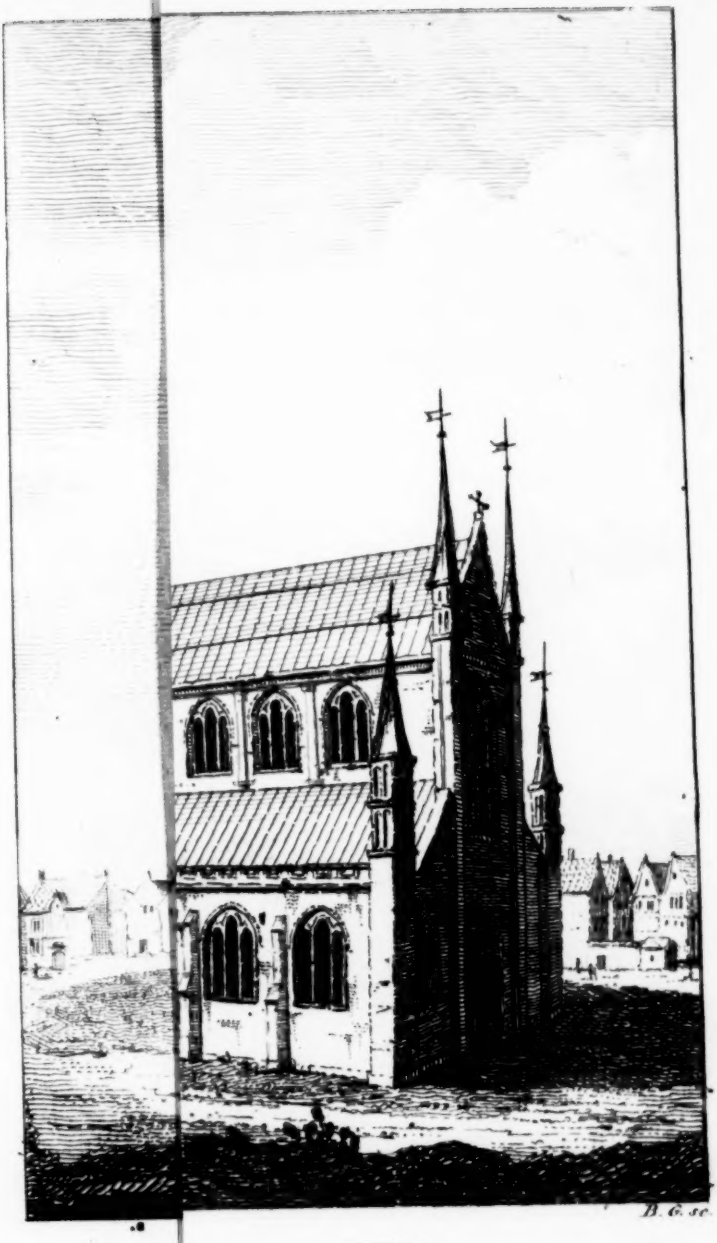
	l. s. d.
80 Half-barrels, or 1360 galls. ale, at 20d. per gall. ——	113 6 3
150 doz. cakes at 2s. per doz.	15 0 0
Victuals, wine, cyder, &c.	40 0 0
£.	168 6 8

Marriages.

Jervaſe Clarke, Eſq; to the only daughter of Robert Warner, Eſq; of Belmont, near Havant in Hampſhire ——— At St. Stephens's, Wallbrook, Mr. John Stracy, diſtiller in Smithfield, to Miſs Burfoot, daughter of Mr. Thomas Burfoot, of Bucklerſbury—— at St. James's church, Philip Carteret Webb, jun. Eſq; to Miſs Smith of Milford, near Godalmin in Surry——at St. Ethelburga, in Biſhopſgate ſtreet, Captain Stevens, commander of a ſhip in the Weſt India trade, to Miſs D'Oyley, ſiſter of Mr. D'Oyley of the cuſtom-houſe—— at Boſton in Lincolnſhire, Peter Campart, Eſq; to Miſs Heald, of Horncaſtle —— Mr. Wm. Prieſt, of Woodſtreet, to Miſs Jones, daughter of Lewis Jones, Eſq; of Hackney——— at Wandſworth, Joel Redmond, Eſq; to Miſs Mary Shuttleworth, of Fulham—— At St. George's Hanover-ſquare, Col. Coote, to Miſs Hutchinſon, governor of St. Helena——Mr. John Swayne, diſtiller in Newgate-ſtreet, to Miſs Crawford of Bedford-ſtreet ——— The Rev. Mr. Putt, rector of Gittiſham, in the county of Devon, to the eldeſt daughter of Samuel Walker, Eſq; of Pugham, near Tiverton ——The Right Hon. the Earl of Rothes, at Tynningham, to Miſs Lloyd, daughter of the preſent Counteſs of Haddington.

Deaths.

At his ſeat at Bramſhill, in Hants, in the 67th year of his age, Sir Monoux Cope, Bart. of Hanwell. He married Penelope, daughter of the Hon. Leut. Gen. Mordaunt, brother to the Earl of Peterborough; by whom he has left one ſon, now Sir John Mordaunt Cope, Col. of the Hampſhire regiment of militia, by whom he is ſucceeded in his title and eſtate—— at his houſe in the cloſe in Saliſbury, the Rev. Dr. Clifton, Rector of Boyton.—at Caſtlecomer, in the county of Kilkenny, in Ireland, Capt. John Maret la Live, aged 93. He was obliged to fly from his native country (France) in the year 1690, to avoid the rage of perſecution, which then prevailed. His father died in the Baſtile, and his family was ruined and diſperſed by dragoons being quartered on their houſe——at Putney, Mrs. E. Vanderſtegen, relict of Henry Vanderſtegen, Eſq; late a merchant of this city ——— at Hommerton, Mrs. Elizabeth Pearley, a widow lady. ——Mr. Portal, linen-draper, in Compton-ſtreet, Soho——Captain Duncan, of the ſhip Amherſt, lately arrived from the Weſt Indies ——— In the Weſt Indies, Capt. Adams, of the ſhip Pemberton—— In Fenchurch-ſtreet, aged 36, Capt. Wm Finch, commander of the Mills frigate in the St. Kits trade—— at his houſe in St. Martin's-Lane, Charing-Croſs, Mr. Andrew Carne, glazier to his Majeſty. ——At Norwood-Green, near Uxbridge, the wife of Col. Tuftnel.



B. G. sc.

DR. AL.

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WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.